

THE
GUIDING HAND

REV. J. N. KIDD



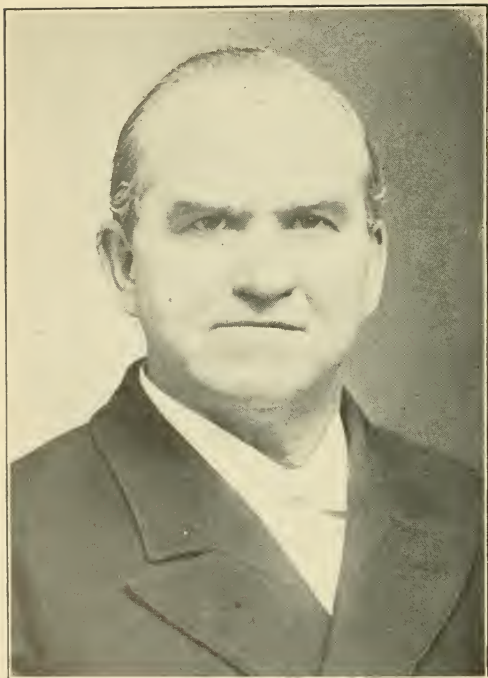
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The Author
Thomas H. [unclear]

THE GUIDING HAND

BY

JOSIAH NICHOLAS KIDD

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Revised Edition of the Author's Former Work,
Entitled, "Sylvanus and Ruth, or The
Operations of Providence with
Respect to Matrimony"

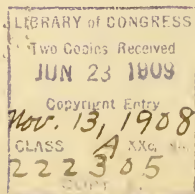


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THE GUIDING HAND

PROEM.

In the visions of the sages,
In the movements of the ages,
In the forms of sea and land
May be seen the Guiding Hand.

When the war-clouds blaze and thunder,
And the people gaze and wonder,
Still the unseen mighty Hand
Shapes events sublimely grand.

Through the mists of superstition;
By the pitfalls of Perdition—
Onward with unfailing might,
It is guiding tow'rd the right.

In the rise and fall of nations,
And in social agitations,
It forestalls the wrath of man
By its overruling plan.

In the progress of our nation,
Rising from its lowly station,
May be seen the Guiding Hand
Pointing to the Promised Land.

THE GUIDING HAND.

By a pathway dark and gory,
We have reached the stars of glory,
And above them brightly shine
With benignity divine.

In pursuit of true religion,
Though it be through shadows Styg'an,
We behold the Shepherd's rod
In the Guiding Hand of God.

Not alone in world-wide movements,
Nor alone in race improvements;
But in ev'ry life, the Hand
Has a purpose wisely planned.

In pursuit of life's true pleasures,
Or in search of worldly treasures,
There is seen the magic wand,
Wielded by the Guiding Hand.

From a realm of matrimony,
Where the roads are never stony,
Comes a vision of the Hand
In a wedding that it planned.

It is such a lovely story,
That it fills my soul with glory,
Calls my Muses out to sing
Like the happy birds of spring.

THE GUIDING HAND.

So while in my psychic slumbers,
I'll begin the metric numbers,
Which the Muses bid me use
With similitudes profuse.

Largely in iambic measures
That are rich with metric treasures,
Let us trace the Guiding Hand
In this wedding which it planned.

SECTION I.

*The birth of Sylvanus
and Ruth, and the meeting
of their Guardian Angels.*

In Old Virginia's grand domain,
Where valleys, rich with fruit and grain,
Lie down between the sloping hills
To drink from rivers, creeks and rills,
That crops may on their bosoms grow,
A child was born, not high nor low,
But like the creek between its banks,
He took his place in human ranks.
'Twas not in April, nor in May,
When nature looked sublime and gay,
And greeted man with smiling face,
And welcomed him with fond embrace;
But when cold Winter, bleak and bare,
With snowy feet and long white hair,
Stalked through the land with frosty breath,

THE GUIDING HAND.

To cover Autumn's work of death
In orchards, meadows, fields and woods,
With fleecy robes and downy hoods.

While verdant Nature soundly slept,
And Winter still his vigil kept,
The Guard'an angel came with joy,
And took control the little boy.
With quiet and prudential skill,
He worked upon his parent's will
Until he could, at length, proclaim,
Sylvanus, as his given name.
"Sylvanus Walden," now resounds
Throughout the happy Muses' bounds.
With rhythmic time it glides along
In long or common meter song;
And even in trochaic verse,
We may the measured name rehearse.
With dactyl, too, and anapest,
It may become a welcome guest.
Iambic, though, the Muses say,
Will give to it a greater sway.
In this the Muses, then, shall sing,
And make the realm of Hymen ring.

The angel, now, with loving heart,
Begins at once to do his part
In shaping this unfolding life,
And finding for the boy a wife

THE GUIDING HAND.

When he shall reach the proper age,
And in the work of life engage.
He guarded him through infant days
From all the danger of his ways,
And followed him through coming years,
And wiped away his childish tears.
Then by and by with ways sedate,
He searched for him a future mate.
He left him in the safest care
Of other angels serving there,
And spread his wings and flew away,
Upon a pleasant day in May,
To look among the daughters fair
Of rosy cheeks and auburn hair,
For one who would a helpmate be,
And add to his felicity.
Throughout the boy's own native state,
He tried in vain to find his mate;
Then turning westward in his flight,
Kentucky's landscapes came in sight.
Enraptured by the splendid scene
Of verdant fields and forests green,
He sailed along without delay,
Admiring nature's grand display,
And singing grateful songs of praise
To Him who pointed out his ways:
And while he's sailing smooth and fast,
He meets another unsurpassed
In flowing robes of spotless white,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And face resplendent with delight.
They both in salutation bend,
And seem to fully comprehend
The other's thought, and hope, and aim,
And that their mission is the same.
Then with one voice they both exclaim—
Their hearts with heaven's love aflame—
“Let us go down to yonder mount,
And on its summit there recount
Our work, our mission and our aims,
And also learn each other's names.”
Then round and round and lower down—
Each one with long white flowing gown—
They circled to the round-top hill
Which stood beside a gurgling rill.
The mount was clothed with forest-trees
That rustled in the gentle breeze.
Adown they sat upon the ground,
On top that lovely shady mound,
And like two lovers, side by side,
Described a future groom and bride.
With happy hearts and sparkling eyes,
They wisely talked of marriage ties,
And told their names and stations, too;
Also the work they came to do.

Fidelia, was the name of one,
Who had immortal glories won
By leading girls in Wisdom's ways,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And guarding them through all their days;
And Rupert, was the other's name,
Who, too, had won distinguished fame
By leading boys in paths of light,
And crowning them with virtues bright.

While human sex does not belong
To heaven's great angelic throng,
Yet may we not, to suit our aim,
Such qualities of them proclaim?
Still other reasons might be named
To keep the scribe from being blamed,
But they will all appear in time,
Expressed in story and in rhyme.
But now the story must unfold,
And all its facts be fully told.

The angel of the sterner kind
Described the girl he hoped to find;
And as he talked of this and that,
The gentler angel raptly sat
With smiling face and sparkling eyes,
Expressive of a glad surprise;
And ere the story was complete,
She rose sublimely to her feet,
And with her face with joy aflame,
Exclaimed: "I know her, and her name.
Though of an humble country birth,
She's one among the best of earth.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Her eyes are dyed with heaven's blue;
Her hair is of an auburn hue,
And she's a most delightful blonde,
Of whom the neighbors all are fond.
Though yet a babe in mother's arms,
I see in her the future charms,
Which, like the lovely Ruth of old,
Will firmly and for ever hold
Her husband fast in love's embrace,
And pour sweet smiles into his face
Until relentless death shall break
The ties that purest love did make.
From heaven I was sent to earth
As guard'an angel from her birth,
To guide her through this world of sin,
And teach her how the crown to win
Of noble life and true success,
And everlasting happiness.
I left her in another's care,
So I would feel no doubt or fear,
And started out among the sons
To watch the course of life that runs
In sweeping currents through their veins,
Producing muscles, bones and brains,
From which the actions of their life
Spring forth in either peace or strife,
To see if I could find the youth
Prepared by God for little Ruth.
'Ruth Caldwell,' is the metric name

THE GUIDING HAND.

By which she shall be known to fame.”
“Praise God, Fidelia,” Rupert said,
With crown of life raised from his head,
“The little boy I have in care,
Of ruddy face and ebon hair,
And brawn and muscle firm and strong,
And mind intent to shun the wrong,
I think must be the ordained youth
To mate your darling little Ruth.
A faithful helpmate he will be,
And add to her felicity.
If you will come and go with me
To where the oak and poplar tree,
The sugar maple and the beech,
Whose graceful arms far outward reach,
And gently wave their vernal fans,
And beckon to the other clans
To join with them in glad refrain,
Because the spring has come again,
I’ll show you where Sylvanus dwells
Among the joyful hills and dells.”

“I will,” Fidelia quickly said,
Instinct with sure success ahead.
“Then let us,” Rupert said, “arise
Up to the blue and tranquil skies,
And through the lovely azure plain
Sail o’er yon lofty mountain chain,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And tow'rd Virginia haste away,
As it is now the close of day."

Then from that lovely-shaded-hill,
Which stood beside the rippling rill,
They raised their wings and took their flight
In flowing robes of spotless white
That floated back beneath their feet
With heaven's loveliness complete.
With long extended glossy wings
All covered o'er with shining rings,
And crowns of beauty on their heads
Adorned with pearls on golden threads;
And faces brilliant as the sun
When he his course doth proudly run,
They sailed along with easy speed
O'er mountains tall and flowry mead,
Until they reached the humble dome
Where young Slyvanus made his home.

The sun had run his daily race,
And hid his bright refulgent face,
That other worlds might come in sight
To beautify the vernal night;
And Ebon, from his starry throne,
With many blessings all his own,
Had rocked the busy world to sleep,
And from the heat of day did keep
It resting in the gentle breeze

THE GUIDING HAND.

That played among the forest-trees,
When these two angels ope'd the door,
And softly walked across the floor
With graceful and with noiseless tread,
And found the boy asleep in bed.
There bright Fidelia stood and gazed
With heart in prayer to heaven raised
For wisdom and for help divine
To ascertain the Lord's design.
Her prayer was heard; the answer came,
And lit the future with its flame.
With microscopic sight she read
Just how the little boy was bred,
And saw his life in conduct flow
Through all his journey here below.
With pensive eyes she looked beyond,
And saw his future as it dawned
Into deportment, act and thought,
And how he would be trained and taught.
Her heart with joy began to swell,
And sparkling eyes began to tell
That she had found the precious prize,
Of proper age and proper size,
In that delightful blooming youth
Prepared by God for little Ruth;
And, turning round, took Rupert's arm,
And glided out without alarm,
To have an earnest talk with him
Upon a long and swinging limb,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Which from a beech-tree reached afar,
As if to see a shining star.
Upon that limb they lightly sat,
And talked of this, and then of that,
Concerning young Slyvanus' life,
And she who was to be his wife.

With cheerful voice, Fidelia said:
"Your boy I've seen and fully read,
And found in him the virtues true,
Which will the life of Ruth imbue
With satisfaction, joy and love,
Allied to that in realms above.
And now, if you will go with me,
We'll leave this most delightful tree,
And this sublime ambrosial land
Where Cupid waves his magic wand,
And reigns supremely over all
From his own gorgeous palace hall,
And to the West we'll quickly go
Where rivers through the prairies flow,
And fertile plains, like oceans broad,
To beautify the works of God,
Spread out in grandeur like the sky
When o'er its bosom no clouds fly;
And there upon the prairie strand,
Near where it joins a small woodland,
I'll show you Ruth's abiding-place,
And let you read her lovely face."

THE GUIDING HAND.

“With pleasure, I will go with you,”
Said Rupert, “For I must be true
To him whose happiness I seek,
And he of whom I love to speak.”

Then from the limb they rose aloft
Upon the gentle breeze so soft,
That even night-birds could not hear
Their silent motions through the air;
And tow’rd the West in rapid flight,
They sailed on that delightful night
To Oklahoma’s goodly land—
To which led forth the Guiding Hand.

The sky was clear, the air was calm,
And filled with nature’s soothing balm.
The queen of night was on her throne,
And with transcendent beauty shone
With full round face of amber glow
Upon the landscapes far below.
Ten thousand worlds appeared in space—
Each with a bright and shining face—
To beautify the lovely night
On which they took their happy flight.
The scenes below and scenes above,
They passed between on wings of love,
And sang with joy this glad refrain,
While gliding through the azure plain:—

THE GUIDING HAND.

“How bright the love of God doth shine
Upon the earth below,
When all the stars of night combine
His grace and pow’r to show!

“O see the worlds in splendor roll
Like flaming balls of fire,
As God unfolds his shining scroll
To let the earth admire!

“Let shining worlds His praises sing,
Let angels join the choir,
Let all the earth its homage bring
In Love’s sublime attire.

“Sing on, sing on, O universe—
In endless praise sing on;
And let your song God’s love rehearse
Through Jesus Christ His Son.”

Thus on they go with flaming zeal,
Their hearts aglow with heaven’s weal,
And songs of praise that far excel
What Orpheus could write or tell;
And conversation free and pure
Concerning their great overture,
Until they reach the cozy home
Where guard’an angels love to roam
To catch a glimpse of little Ruth,

THE GUIDING HAND.

To see if she might be, for sooth,
The girl they longed and hoped to find
To mate the boy they left behind.

The weary world was still asleep,
And resting like the silent Deep.
The humble cottage snugly stood
Near where the prairie joined the wood—
Upon a gently sloping mound—
With ornamental trees around.
They entered it without a noise—
Their hearts athrob with untold joys—
And quickly stood beside the bed,
On which the lovely Ruth was laid
Between her parents, safe from harm,
And sleeping on her mother's arm.
There Rupert stood with gleaming eyes,
Fixed on the girl and then the skies;
For well he knew that from above,
True Wisdom, like the Holy Dove,
Must come and give prophetic light
To aid his judgment and his sight.
The keen prophetic vision came
And lit the future with its flame,
The same as when Fidelia prayed,
And young Sylvanus' life portrayed.
He saw her life through ev'ry stage—
From childhood down to ripe old age—
And read her thoughts and motives, too,

THE GUIDING HAND.

From which he very quickly knew
That he had found the girl he sought
With all the female virtues fraught,
Who would a faithful helpmate be,
And bring his boy felicity.
With smiling face he turned about,
And with Fidelia glided out
To have a further talk with her
About the things that should occur
To cause the boy and girl to meet,
When preparations were complete.
So down upon the lawn they sat
Beneath the starry skies to chat;
And there upon the lovely grass,
They talked of what should come to pass—
How boy and girl should both be led
Until the time that they should wed.
They wisely talked and wisely planned,
But trusted to the Guiding Hand
To shape events and blaze the way
That they might meet some future day.
The way began to open up,
And gladness overflowed their cup.
When plans, at length, were settled on,
Then Rupert said: "I must be gone;
But let us, first, before we part,
In prayer and praise lift up each heart
To Him whose will we love to do,
Whose shining face we love to view,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And who has blessed us with success,
And filled our cups with happiness.”

Then down they dropped upon their knees
With costumes waving in the breeze,
And offered up a grateful prayer
For further guidance and for care.
They gently rose from off their knees,
And talked awhile beneath the trees
Like friends before they separate
When one's about to emigrate.
At length their conversation closed,
And Rupert, first, farewells proposed.

Rupert:—

“Farewell Fidelia, fare thee well;
May heaven's joys thy bosom swell;
And may you crown the life of Ruth
With peace and joy and love and truth.”

Fidelia:—

“Dear Rupert, I shall ne'er forget
The time when yesterday we met,
And talked about our little pets,
And crowned them with such epithets,
That we without a doubt believed
Our undertaking was achieved.
And then our supermundane flight
On this delightful vernal night,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Has been so full of peace and joy
Because we've found our girl and boy,
That I must say, my heart doth sing
More gladly than the birds of spring.
And now we part to meet again
Upon this lovely western plain,
When you and young Sylvanus come,
And locate near Ruth's happy home.
So fare thee well with my best cheer;
And as we visit twice a year,
We can our pleasant work review,
And thus our well-laid plans pursue."

Rupert:—

"Well said, Fidelia, fare thee well;
The joy I feel no tongue can tell;
But now I can no longer stay;
For long before the break of day,
I must Sylvanus' dwelling reach
Among the maples and the beech."

Then Rupert spread his glossy wings,
Which moved by unseen motor-springs,
And like a brilliant lightning-flash
Without its roaring thunder-clash,
Or like a meteoric stone
From out the upper regions thrown,
He went a sailing through the air
With such a splendid heav'nly glare,

THE GUIDING HAND.

That bright Fidelia stood and gazed
Until the earth between was raised
Above the line he sailed upon,
And he below the sky was gone.

SECTION II.

*The early training of the boy
and girl, and the removal of
Sylvanus' parents to Oklahoma.*

The moon was still upon her throne,
When faithful Rupert, all unknown
To those within the house asleep,
Passed through the door with gentle sweep,
And took control his boy again
To lead him through this world of sin.

Both fam'lies rose at break of day
Unconscious of the grand display
Of holy angels in the room
With happy faces all abloom
With heaven's bright, immortal youth,
And love and wisdom, joy and truth.

The morning birds began to sing
And make the woods with music ring.
The sun arose with smiling face,
Expressive of benignant grace,
Poured forth his glory on the earth,
And to another day gave birth.

THE GUIDING HAND.

The busy world, renewed by rest,
Again its muscles put to test.
The wheels of commerce rolled along
With rattling, clanging, ringing song.

And thus the world, from day to day,
Rolled onward in its destined way,
Imparting poverty and wealth,
Disease and sorrow, joy and health,
According to the higher plan,
Which man can only partly scan.

Amid these scenes of grief and joy,
The angels raised their girl and boy,
And led them in the ordained way
To meet on God's appointed day.

In early youth they sought the Lord,
Believed in Christ and in His Word,
Obtained the pardon of their sin,
And started out the crown to win
Of human worth and true success,
And everlasting happiness.

To public school they both were sent,
And there their time was partly spent
While passing through the early stage
Of happy youth's florescent age.

THE GUIDING HAND.

The earth rolled on around the sun
To where it first its race begun,
And then again it took its flight
Around the central orb of light;
And so continued once a year—
Completing its ordained career—
Producing seasons richly fraught
With blessings which it daily sought
In regions of celestial heights,
For man, the object of its flights.

A few such revolutions past,
The boy and girl arrive, at last,
To that important stage of life
When thoughts of husband and of wife
Become the silent motor-force
Propelling them along the course
That leads to Hymen's blest abode
Where reigns the highest social code.
Unconscious of the other's name,
And knowing not the other's aim,
Nor what the country or the place,
Nor what the visage of the face,
They both, at length, arise and start,
Though many hundred miles apart,
Upon the Hymenean route
With secret purpose fixed and mute,
To seek the partner of their life—
The husband true, and faithful wife.

THE GUIDING HAND.

They thought, sometimes, that they had found
The one to whom they could be bound,
But something always interfered
And all their present prospects seared.
They calmly bore the consequence,
Believing that God's Providence
Was guiding them along the way,
And that He would, some future day,
Reveal the one they hoped to find,
Alike in ways, alike in mind.
Reflection soon revealed the fact,
That they the age and wisdom lacked
To fit them for the marriage state,
Which they too soon did meditate;
For 'tis a fact by age well-known,
That love, when first upon the throne,
Is like a vascillating queen
Who changes with the changing scene.

The days in quick succession fly,
The weeks and months grow old and die,
And ere another year rolls round,
A happy fam'ly westward bound,
Is seen on upland and on plain
With young Sylvanus in the train.
The Fast Express now rolls along,
Conveying its exultant throng
To homes within the growing West—
That country so divinely blessed

THE GUIDING HAND.

With such great opportunities,
To meet the East's deficiencies.
Our hero's fam'ly, glad with hope,
Admire the country's splendid scope.
At length they reach the destined place,
Tow'rd which they long had set their face,
And settle near to Abalooth,
Not more than twenty miles from Ruth—
Whose home is in a lovely dale,
About a mile from Pleasant Vale.

SECTION III.

*As soon as Sylvanus' parents
are well located in their new
home, Fidelia visits Rupert,
welcomes him to the West, and,
together, they discuss the
subject of Matrimony.*

The angels twice a year had met
Without a failure to regret;
And now they are again to meet
According to their plans discreet.
Fidelia comes to be the guest,
And welcome Rupert to the West.

'Twas on a dark and stormy night,
When all the stars were hid from sight
Behind a raging thunder-cloud,
Whose cannonading was so loud

THE GUIDING HAND.

That some awoke in great dismay,
And some began to fear and pray.
Its darting flames the heavens rent,
As if they devastation meant.
But yet the angels did not fear
The rushing wind nor lightning spear,
Nor all the shafts from heaven thrown;
For danger was to them unknown.
Sylvanus' parents seized with fright,
Arose in haste the lamp to light,
But Rupert whispered in their ear:
"Lie down in peace and do not fear,
Nor wake the children from their sleep,
For God is near their souls to keep.
He guides the lightning in its course,
Controls the wind's tremendous force;
So trust in His Almighty Arm,
And He will shield you from all harm."

Ere long Fidelia came and knocked,
To whom the door at once unlocked
As Rupert quickly turned the key,
And welcomed her most cheerfully.
With joy each did the other greet
In tones with melody replete;
And then they talked of Providence
In lofty strains of eloquence,
Which poets, should they all combine
And call upon the Muses nine,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Could only poorly imitate,
And only partially relate.

Fidelia:—

“With yonder storm, I came to-night,
To see the bright electric light
By atmospheric force displayed,
And by dynamic force conveyed
In zigzag streams of forked fire
Disporting with Euterpes’ choir
Across the heavens with a noise
Expressive of transporting joys.
Above, below and all around,
I heard the praise of God resound,
And saw His glory flashing forth
From east to west, from south to north.
And as I came on through the storm
Beholding nature’s laws perform
The will of Him who reigns supreme,
And who devised the wondrous scheme,
My admiration grew so great
That I began to celebrate
With demonstrations of delight,
His goodness, glory, and His might,
And chant ‘The music of the spheres,’
Which fell so sweetly on my ears.”

Rupert:—

“I’m glad, Fidelia, that you’ve come

THE GUIDING HAND.

To see me in my western home.
I saw you coming in the cloud,
And heard your voice resounding loud,
In tune with nature's 'Tempest Song,'
When mighty forces move along
With grandeur through the upper plains
To bless the earth with needed rains.
But now, Fidelia, while I love
To talk about those scenes above,
And how the loving God controls
The storm that frightens human souls,
But fills the angels with delight
As they behold the wondrous sight,
I must our conversation turn
To something that doth more concern
Our mission to this mundane sphere—
To guide a boy's and girl's career
Until their earthly race is run,
And they ascend above the sun."

Fidelia:—

"For this, dear Rupert, I have come
To see you in your western home.
The scenes through which I came to-night
Were so inspiring to my sight,
And so suggestive to my mind,
That I was for awhile inclined
To first adore our mighty King,
And of His wondrous power sing;

THE GUIDING HAND.

And then to show that He controls,
Not only storms, but human souls,
When they are seeking for a mate,
Though some men call it luck and fate;
But yet the fact remains the same,
And God will glorify His name
In each divine unfolding plan,
Concerning each and ev'ry man.
The first man, Adam, found a mate,
But not by chance, or luck, or fate;
For God prepared her for the man
According to His ordained plan.
This same eternal purpose runs
Down through his multitude of sons—
That God, with wisdom and with care,
Doth for each one a mate prepare—
That in the sacred marriage rite
Most men and women shall unite.
And if they seek with cautious care,
They'll find that God is always near
To give direction to their feet,
So all affinities shall meet."

Rupert:—

"'Tis true, Fidelia," Rupert said,
"That men and women are to wed;
And if they wed with proper care,
They'll have no cause to shed a tear,
Nor to regret their marriage vow;

THE GUIDING HAND.

For love will be the fruitful bough
That yields a true domestic bliss,
And pardons ev'ry word amiss.
Like two converging streams they'll meet,
And gladly each the other greet,
Embrace, entwine, caress and praise,
And journey on through all their days
As one great river formed of twain,
Which never can be two again.
Thus will their lives flow into one
Beneath the warm refulgent sun
Of sweet domestic-Christian-love—
The greatest gift from heav'n above.
Their peace will like a river flow
Through all their journey here below,
Enlarging as it flows along
Through realms of sorrow or of song.
We have a match like this to make,
Which naught but death can ever break—
A match that God Himself hath planned,
As they shall some day understand."

Fidelia:—

"Yes, Rupert, what you say is true;
Such cautious people never rue
The vow they made to love and share
The other's joy and grief and care.
Those matches made alone by self
For social gain or paltry pelf,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And those made, too, with undue haste,
Without regard to proper taste;
And those who've been deceived also
By lovers false or outward show,
Are always sure to end their course
In woeful strife or in divorce.
If they would only stop to think,
Before they reach the fatal brink,
What consequences it involves,
And from which nothing here absolves,
They then would heed the voice within,
Which tells them how to seek and win
A partner of intrinsic worth,
Made such by nature and by birth.
Or if they'd heed their angel guard,
Who labors with them long and hard,
Or even take the good advice
Of those their seniors more than thrice—
Who've lived to see the bitter strife
Of injudicious married life—
They'd have occasion to rejoice,
And never would regret their choice."

Rupert:—

" 'Tis true, Fidelia, and we know
That wealth, with all its pomp and show,
Cannot evolve a true manhood,
Though wealth when not abused is good,
And necessary in its place

THE GUIDING HAND.

To help advance the human race;
But yet, 'tis virtue makes the man,
Because it doth his motives scan,
And makes them clean and pure and true,
So nothing evil may ensue."

Fidelia:—

"Yet Rupert, there is something more
That human nature must adore
Before it can attain the height
Of perfect manhood pure and white.
Since man has fallen into sin,
He must another life begin,
By passing through the Crimson Fount,
That sparkles on the Sacred Mount."

Rupert:—

"Of course, Fidelia, this is true,
And man cannot the fact undo.
The moral standard of the world
Which human sages have unfurled,
While it sets forth a splendid plan
To make an upright honest man,
Can never pow'r divine impart
To purify the human heart.
It is a fact, divine and sure,
That man, in order to be pure,
Must have his heart renewed by grace,
And with true faith and love embrace

THE GUIDING HAND.

The All-sufficient Son of God,
Who once, alone, 'The Wine-Press trod'
As substitute for fallen man,
According to His Father's plan."

Fidelia:—

"Religion is the source divine
Of all those blessings that combine
To make man happy, wise and good,
In youth, or age, or strong manhood;
And if the nymphs who contemplate
A move into the marriage state,
Would only look for Christian fruit
In those who ply the courtship suit,
They would not make the great mistake
That causes many hearts to ache;
Or vice versa, if the swains
Would always take the proper pains,
They would not let the vain coquettes
Deceive them with their epithets;
For they would look for Christian maids
Whose moral beauty never fades.
The boy and girl we have in care,
Do each these Christian virtues share,
And therefore both of them shall find
A union true of heart and mind."

This topic done, Fidelia said:
"Five happy hours have quickly fled

THE GUIDING HAND.

In sweet communion here with you;
But I must now bid you adieu,
And to my happy post repair,
As morning's dawn will soon be here."

Rupert:—

"But dear Fidelia, let me first
Repeat the truth you have rehearsed—
That Providence supremely reigns
O'er all of Nature's grand domains
With such extensive amplitude,
And such exhaustless stores of food,
That man cannot its height ascend,
Or to its depths profound descend;
And neither can the angels see
The whole of its immensity;
But we can see much more than man
How God unfolds His righteous plan
In ev'rything that appertains
To human joys or human pains.
And since the sacred marriage rite
Contributes to the world's delight,
God's Providence to it extends,
And to it all its blessings lends.
The angels do not wed, you know,
Like human beings here below,
But yet our unions suit our state,
And satisfy us with our fate.

THE GUIDING HAND.

To man, alone, its blessings come,
And he can never count their sum."

Fidelia:—

"Dear Rupert, this transporting theme
Doth with increasing int'rest teem;
But now I must bid you adieu,
And close this pleasant interview."

Rupert:—

"Farewell, Fidelia, may our youth
Continue in the way of truth.
Oft, now, with pleasure we shall meet,
And often, now, each other greet."

The storm was o'er; the clouds were gone;
The twinkling stars with beauty shone;
The waning moon had just appeared
With more than half her visage bleared;
And twilight, morning's herald gay,
Proclaimed the fast approaching day,
When Rupert's fair celestial guest
In heaven's bright apparel dressed,
Ascended to the upper plain,
And homeward took her flight again;
And as she swiftly sailed along,
She sang an angel's mission song:—

THE GUIDING HAND.

THE ANGEL'S MISSION SONG.

“Oh, how blest the angel's mission
To this fallen world below,
To relieve the sad condition
Caused by Satan's reign of woe!
Sin has marred its ancient beauty,
Poisoned man with unbelief,
Caused him to neglect his duty,
And has filled the world with grief.

“We are here with saints defending
God's eternal right to reign,
And with mighty fiends contending
For His Kingdom's lost domain;
They, at length, shall all be driven
From this long afflicted earth,
And the blessed reign of heaven
Shall abolish sin and death.

“Then the joyful acclamation
Shall be heard by one and all,
That the Savior's ‘Great Salvation’
Hath o'ercome the ancient fall!
Hallelujah! Blest fruition!
Glory, honor to our King!
Hallelujah! Full remission!
All the holy then shall sing.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

This song had so her mind engrossed,
That when she reached her happy post,
She still was singing loud and strong,
Though human ears heard not her song.

SECTION IV.

*Sylvanus and Ruth
in College.*

God's plans begin to soon unfold
In ways obscure, and also bold.
The youths impelled by strong desire
A higher knowledge to acquire,
Go forth with expectations rife
To drink the cup of college life.
Sylvanus goes to Sunlight Hill,
And Ruth decides for Stellarville—
The first in Kansas on a stream
About which student poets dream;
The second on a lovely plain
In Oklahoma's choice domain.

As anxious seekers in pursuit
Of Wisdom's higher grades of fruit,
They press their way with might and main
The higher knowledge to obtain.
Like athletes in Olympic games,
Impelled by high and noble aims,
They grapple problems with a zeal
Which none but students ever feel;

THE GUIDING HAND.

And with superior mental strength,
They make them freely yield, at length,
The treasures that they have in store
For those contending for their lore;
Or, like the runners in the race,
With nimble feet and winsome grace,
They fix their watchful, gleaming eyes,
With pleasure on the promised prize,
And swiftly run along the way
That leads to graduation day.
Their rivals they with ease surpass,
And win the laurels of their class.
With many honors they are crowned,
And all acknowledge them profound
In Wisdom's higher realms of thought,
To which they all have now been brought.

And thus the current of each life
Rolled on with aspirations rife,
Enlarging as it flowed along
Through somber shades or realms of song
As ev'ry day poured in its cup,
And ev'ry year its wealth gave up.

At length, the senior year rolls round,
And all with hopeful joys abound.
The students often meet with joy
Their mental powers to employ
In literary feats and drills—

THE GUIDING HAND.

In arts of speech and writer's quills.
Sylvanus, with ambition strong,
Puts forth his third attempt at song.
The Kansas Motto, was the theme
On which he spoke with eyes agleam,
And which electrified them all
Like some historic waterfall.

"TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES."

"In the Kansas Motto may be found
Striking facts which ev'rywhere abound,
As the pathway leading to the stars
Passes through the bloody realm of Mars—
Leading on through other realms of woe,
Where the lotus and the bramble grow,
And the fascinating manchineel
Poisons, more or less, our cup of weal.

"Kansas, through these awful realms has passed,
And is, therefore, with the greatest classed:
In the center of the starry field
With the other planets as her shield,
She sublimely shines both night and day
To encourage others on their way,
Who are trav'ling tow'rd a higher goal,
Paying all the necessary toll.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“Thus the roads that always upward tend,
Pass through difficulties to the end;
And the students who desire to rise,
Must press upward tow’rd the promised prize—
Must apply themselves with might and main—
If they ever reach the upper plain,
For the cowards who are put to flight
Shall be deeply buried out of sight.

“In the universal course of life
Through this struggling world of bitter strife,
God’s adapted program plainly reads,
‘That in thorny paths He wisely leads’;
But His Guiding Hand points on beyond,
Holding up to all the title-bond
To positions always higher up,
Where Success holds out her golden cup.

“All along the pathway of our race
Thorns and thistles stare us in the face—
Tearing hands and pricking weary feet—
As they walk the highway or the street;
And to-day, while it is much improved,
Many ugly thorns, still unremoved,
Make the famous pathway hard to walk,
As they try our forward march to balk.

“All the mighty nations of the earth
Have the record of a military birth,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Or, at least, through Difficulty's gates,
Forced their way to independent states;
Even though they've reached the civic stars,
They must still contend with angry Mars,
Who, with wisdom, tact and old-time skill,
Still incites the human race to kill.

"In the very making of the world,
Smoke from awful battles upward curled,
While ten thousand earthquakes, o'er and o'er,
Added to the terrifying roar;
But the mighty process moved along
With its evolutionary throng,
Till, at last, the finished earth appeared,
Filled with treasures and to man endeared.

"From creation's process we can see
How our God transforms society—
How the making of the social state
Overtops the world inanimate:
These upheavals, then, among mankind,
Loudly say to ev'ry thinking mind,
That the way to Nature's highest goal
Is the road that's under God's control.

"But the storm's and earthquake's presence yet,
Will not let the thinking mind forget
That the worlds of matter and of mind,
In unfinished states are yet confined;

THE GUIDING HAND.

Still the whole creation onward moves
In its own divinely ordained grooves,
And will so continue on its way
To the perfect, glad, triumphant day.

“In the world’s great Palingenesis,
There shall be a state of perfect bliss,
For the golden age shall then have come
Where the Saints of earth shall make their home;
There upon the reconstructed earth,
Which shall know no sorrow, pain nor dearth,
Perfect, sinless manhood shall appear,
Nevermore to die nor shed a tear.

“‘To the Stars Through Difficulties,’ then,
Shall be loudly sounded forth again,
As we then shall better comprehend
All the imports of the former trend;
There before the Beatific Throne,
We shall plainly know as we are known,
And no more through difficulties press
In pursuit of health and happiness.”

Applause broke forth, both loud and long,
From all the happy student throng.

His reputation grew apace,
As he bent forward in the race
For all the knowledge of the school,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Unwinding it as from a spool,
And weaving it with splendid skill
Into his intellect and will,
And all the fibers of his soul,
For progress and for self-control.
Congratulations were profuse,
And all around was spread the news
Of his achievements in the school,
And his success in keeping cool
Amidst the praises he received
For what he often-times achieved.
The news of his well-earned renown,
Soon reached his Oklahoma town,
Where he already had a name,
And had acquired some local fame.

While Walden thus stirred Sunlight Hill,
Ruth Caldwell captured Stellarville.
Concern about the "Statehood Bill"
Absorbed the thought and swayed the will
Of Oklahoma's rank and file
In such a way and such a style,
As nothing else had ever done
Since first the people made their run,
With flaming zeal and active brain,
For homes within her choice domain.
The schools discussed the measure, too,
Though some the others did out-do.

THE GUIDING HAND.

At Stellarville the student force
To public meetings took recourse,
And shouted for it loud and long,
And sometimes put their shouts in song.

At length, with pleasure and delight,
The people and the schools unite
To magnify their country's cause
In speeches, songs and loud applause.
The programme, full and strong,
Exhilarates the student-throng,
And moves by its intense appeal,
The people's patriotic zeal.
The speakers, with distinguished skill,
Defend the "Double Statehood Bill,"
While ev'ry singer's magic art
Electrifies the human heart.
Ruth Caldwell, though, excels them all,
And fairly shakes the college hall,
By calling forth such great applause
For Oklahoma's worthy cause.
With stately verse and language choice,
She makes the hearts of all rejoice,
And thrills them with exalted thought
That she within her soul had wrought,
And which she now in solo sings,
And from the stars her message brings.
Her theme, which echoes near and far,
Is "Oklahoma's Double-Star."

THE GUIDING HAND.

Her words ring out as clear as day,
While skillful hands the organ play.
Her voice is strong, yet soft and clear;
And now and then there falls a tear,
In which her own reflected light
Makes tiny rainbows out of sight.
But let us listen to the song
That moves this literary throng
To great ecstatic heights of joy,
As she her forces all employ.

"OKLAHOMA'S DOUBLE-STAR."

"A double-star outside its constellation shines,
And tow'rd its own divinely ordained place in-
clines;
But perturbations in its movements plainly show,
That from its cluster winds of opposition blow.

"Within the Nation's Constellation is a place,
Which nothing but this double-star's effulgent face
Can radiate with floods of unreflected light;
And to that place it has an undisputed right.

"It has great wealth of soil and treasures under
ground,
And no more healthful climate has, as yet, been
found;

THE GUIDING HAND.

Then through her goodly landscapes lovely rivers
 flow,
And on her peaceful bosom crops abundant grow.

“The herds in countless numbers on her pastures
 graze,
And all her towns and cities with true splendor
 blaze;
Great nets of railroads spread across her fertile
 plains,
And splendid schools and churches lift their glad
 refrains.

“Her teeming population numbers more, by far,
Than any proud and gleaming constellation-star
When first admitted to the Sisterhood of States,
And took her destined place among her loyal
 mates.

“Brave Oklahoma’s wand’ring star has waited long
To take her place within the Constellation-throng;
But now her anxious people think the time has
 come
When she should be admitted to her rightful home.

“O Constellation, open wide your golden gate,
And let this double-star outside become a state;
And then, as one refulgent star, we will, with you,
Sail on triumphant through the azure field of
 blue.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

SECTION V.

THE COMMENCEMENT.

Upon an early day in June,
When zephyrs hummed a joyful tune,
And drowsy Summer was revived,
The Graduation Days arrived,
Clothed with the season's choicest gowns,
And wearing amaranthine crowns.
From near and far the patrons came—
Their eyes aglow and hearts aflame
With lawful pride and friendly zeal,
Which only loyal souls can feel.
Distinguished speakers lent their aid,
And skilled musicians sang and played.
The graduates were at their best—
Excelled by none in east or west.
Each one's oration glowed with thought,
And was with knowledge richly fraught.
The college spirit flamed with zeal,
And ev'ry heart was filled with weal.
A tense emotion swept each soul,
And now and then escaped control
In demonstrations, long and loud,
Which made the speakers justly proud.

THE GUIDING HAND.

At Sunlight Hill, Sylvanus spoke,
And all his former records broke.
As poet of the honored class,
He felt that he must now surpass
The other efforts he had made,
And try to reach a higher grade
In lofty thought and measures, too,
Which he had studied through and through.
With rapid verse and skillful rhyme,
He took them on a mountain-climb,
And showed them scenes superbly grand,
And wonders great on ev'ry hand
That he had seen with his own eyes
Sublimely rising tow'rd the skies.
The hardships through his life endured,
The knowledge he had now procured
By struggling through his college course,
And overcoming want by force,
Convinced him that the rugged road,
In spite of its Draconic Code,
Led upward to the highest good
For manhood and for womanhood.
The difficulties he attacked,
Developed all his latent tact,
And in their own peculiar way,
Brought all his forces into play;
And this fact was the reason why
He talked of climbing mountains high.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“THE MOUNTAIN OF KNOWLEDGE.”

“The Mountain of Truth from its summit sublime,
Invites us, as students, its ranges to climb,
But tells us in accents apparently gruff,
That most of its roads are exceedingly rough;
They traverse the canons, ascend the great peaks,
Cross over the valleys and ford the swift creeks,
Then upward ascend the precipitous cliffs,
And pass through the clouds in the opening rifts.

“The roads are beset with belligerent foes
Opposing our progress with militant blows,
Or else like the thieves on the ‘Jericho Road,’
They practice upon us their brigandage code;
Diseases, contagions, and accidents, too,
Are ready from caverns to come into view
To harass our pathway and check our ascent,
And thus our attempted achievements prevent.

“Throughout the short term of our physical life,
We meet with much gladness as well as much
 strife,
But childhood and youth with abounding delights,
Are greatly entranced with its beautiful sights;
And manhood, itself, in the midst of its cares,
Stops often to wonder at nature’s affairs,
While age, in its dotage, finds much to enjoy,
And even the sick their emotions deploy.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“Then Death has his forces all stationed along
In groups and battalions and regiments strong,
And only a fraction of those in the race
Succeed in escaping his sullen embrace,
And reaching the limit of threescore and ten—
The time that’s allotted to women and men—
While most of the happy and jubilant crowd
Have long been enwrapt in their funeral shroud.

“The Mountain of Knowledge continues to rise,
Though man in his weakness surrenders and dies;
Its wonders all human descriptions transcend,
While all its great beauties in harmony blend;
Its summit is lost in the ambient sky
Above the high-range of the rational eye,
And where the great sages have never yet stood,
Nor even the angels, so wise and so good.

“It rises sublimely above the broad plains
Surrounded with foot-hills in numerous chains,
Each rising in series successively high’r,
And circling around the Imperial Spire;
Still upward and upward the ranges ascend
To guard the great mountain and on it attend,
Until it is lost in the infinite space,
And reaches its goal in the Infinite’s face.

“Thus far we have only scaled some of its peaks,
And only discovered the source of some creeks,

THE GUIDING HAND.

But yet from the lowlands these peaks appear high,
And seem to reach upward almost to the sky;
And then, as we stand on the top of one hill,
The visions beyond us our faculties thrill,
For far up above us with rapture we see
Another great peak with a higher degree.

“To-day we have mounted Saint Peter’s Great
Dome,

But we must not make it our permanent home:
Below us, Cheyenne, with her canons sublime,
Is always proclaiming her message in rhyme;
Then Manitou Mountain and Cameron’s Cone
Stand up with a beauty distinctly their own,
While Garfield rises in statesmanlike form,
Defying the ages and taunting the storm.

“Above us Mount Baldy invitingly stands,
While Pike’s Peak beyond all the others com-
mands,

As all of the mountains surrounding his base,
Serve only to guard him and carry his mace;
Majestic he stands with his head in the cloud,
Addressing his courtiers in thunder-claps loud,
Or, speaking most kindly from skies that are clear,
His message falls gently, producing good cheer.

“Symbolic of knowledge, this peak has no top,
And hence as we climb it there’s no place to stop;

THE GUIDING HAND.

But upward and upward we always shall climb,
Enjoying the rhythm of its infinite chime,
And slaking our thirst from perennial springs,
Delightful to students, professors and kings—
Transforming to life and transporting to
thought—
The blessings of which all the ages have sought.

“Thus climbing the Mountain of Knowledge, we
see,
Is mounting the scale from degree to degree:
You may, if you like, call it Fremont or Pike,
Mount Massive, McKinley, Long’s Peak and the
like;
Or, if you prefer, use Sorata, the Great,
With grand Illimani its suitable mate;
Or Everest, which is the greatest of all,
And stands up so bravely and wonderously tall.

“Together four years we’ve been climbing this
Mount,
And now we can pause and our struggles recount,
And also the joys that we shared on the way
To where we now stand on this beautiful day;
The way has been pleasant, though rugged, at
times,
And we have had many most difficult climbs,
But victory, now, o’er these craggy inclines,
Has opened to us their subliminal mines.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“Our splendid professors have helped us thus far,
And patiently guided our destiny-star,
For which we shall thank them the rest of our days,
And shower upon them exuberant praise;
Our debt to the college can never be paid,
Its impress upon us shall never once fade,
Because it has taught us the climber’s great art,
And given us all a magnificent start.

“But now we go forth tow’rd our summit of time
Without our professors to help us to climb,
And even each other’s assistance from date,
Will henceforth be missed in our journey so great;
Alone we must climb this precipitous peak,
And grapple with problems still harder than
Greek,
While Latin and German will sink out of sight,
Compared with the problems that wait in the
height.

“This Mountain of Knowledge has treasures un-
told
To give to the student who’s earnest and bold,
But nothing to offer the cowardly wight
Who quickly deserts at the first of the fight;
Then let us remember, as parties concerned,
The wonderful lessons expensively learned;
And let us with fervor the upward-way press,
To higher and higher degrees of success.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“But knowledge falls short of its possible goal
Till faith is implanted deep down in the soul,
As reason, alone, is unable to rise
To where is located the loftiest prize;
The Province of Faith lies within the unseen,
While that of the Reason is found in between
The animal plane and the spiritu’l zone,
Where little of heavenly matters is known.

“By Horeb’s refreshing and strengthening Fount;
By Sinai’s blazing and thundering Mount;
By Pisgah, and Ebal, and Gerizim heights;
By Hermon, and Carmel, and Lebanon sights;
By Zion, Moriah, with glory their own;
By Sinai Second, whose name is unknown,
We’ve finally landed on Calvary’s Dome,
From which we can view our glad heavenly home.

“This Scripture Olympus, where Deity dwells,
This Christian Parnassus, whose fountain excels
The heathen Castalian fountain of old,
Has something to give us much better than gold;
The Biblical Delphi is located here,
Proclaiming her oracles, simple and clear,
As well as her truths that are deep and profound,
Which give the true worshipers joys that abound.

“So then, if we climb this great mountain aright,
Beholding its glories by heavenly light,

THE GUIDING HAND.

We must in humility ascend it by faith,
And govern ourselves by what the Book saith;
For all the way upward this shiboleth sounds,
Expressive of blessings with which it abounds,
And pointing the way to the haven of rest
Far upward within the glad realms of the blest.

“This phase of the mountain in places is steep,
And often the climbers bend forward to creep,
While enemies with a malevolent frown
Come shouting and fighting the precipice down;
The climbers, however, with helpers divine,
Soon drive them away like the grovelling swine,
And then, like the heroes of Biblical fame,
They go on their way in the strength of His Name.

“While trials and troubles are pressing around,
Yet gladness, supernal, is oftener found,
Since from the perennial fountain above,
There flows the enlivening River of Love;
Delightfully down the deep canons it leaps,
And often in beautiful lakelets it sleeps,
Inspiring the mind and refreshing the soul,
As upward we climb tow’rd the heavenly goal.

“And now as we part and return to our homes
To rest for awhile in our fatherly domes,
And then with ambition go forth to our work,
Let none of us ever dissemble or shirk;

THE GUIDING HAND.

But let us continue this mountain to climb,
And tune our deportment to heavenly rhyme,
And then we'll contribute some good to the world
By helping it keep the right banners unfurled.

“With sadness of heart we must now bid farewell
To students, professors and friends who here dwell,
And never again, we regretfully say,
Shall we be permitted to meet as to-day;
But some day, we hope, on this Mountain of Truth,
To drink from the Fount of Perennial Youth,
And there our old pleasures live over again,
Where there is no parting, no sorrow nor pain.

“From thenceforth with ever increasing delight,
Uuhindered by age, by fatigue or by night,
And having no evils with which to contend,
We shall through eternity upward ascend,
Beholding the Infinite glory unfold,
And finding unlimited treasures untold,
Which gladden the heart and develop the mind
With all that is lovely and pure and refined.”

As soon as he was through, there was
A hearty and a long applause,
While flowers of the richest hues
Around about him fell profuse.
Remaining self-possessed and cool
Amidst the plaudits of the school,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And words of praise from special friends,
Who proudly watched his mental trends,
He showed superior mental force—
Free from the trifling and the coarse—
And all foresaw that his career
Was destined for a noble sphere.

About this time at Stellarville,
Where college zeal was never ill,
Another great Commencement Day
Was blazing forth with fine display
Of youthful talents highly trained,
And great rhetoric flights unfeigned.
The graduating class was large,
And ready, like a new-made barge,
To launch upon an untried sea,
Though not with blind temerity.
Ruth Caldwell, dressed in flowing white,
And face resplendent with delight,
Stepped forward to assume her part,
And talk of Wisdom and her art.

“THE PALACES OF WISDOM.”

“Before the morning stars began to sing,
And there was not, as yet, a living thing,
Supernal Wisdom, an immortal youth,
Stepped forth as Architect of Truth.

THE GUIDING HAND.

She saw chaotic systems scattered round
With dark abysmal widths and depths profound;
But each, she saw, contained the living germs,
Which could unfold within the given terms.
Her mighty intellect was well aware
That God's creative power had been there,
As she with joy had always been on hand
When all the solar systems first were planned.

Into these silent places, deep and dark,
The Architect sent forth the vital spark,
Which caused the latent forces all to act
As workmen of the greatest skill and tact.
The darkness of the ages took its flight,
And all the mighty deep was filled with light.
Then order out of chaos next evolved,
Until the whole creation was resolved
Into completed systems without flaw,
Sublimely governed by eternal law.
These systems hold her mansions in the skies,
The wonder and delight of human eyes;
And as they from their lofty orbits shine,
They symbolize eternal truth divine.

But while her stellar mansions glow with skill,
And all the heavens with their glory fill,
Yet smaller mansions all around are seen
Wherever this great Architect has been.
So passing by the distant Aries,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Orion, Taurus, and the Pleiades;
And leaving Capricornus far behind
With Leo, Virgo, Libra, and their kind;
And coming down below our brilliant sun,
Around which mighty worlds their races run,
We come, at length, to our beloved earth,
Which boasts the highest and the noblest birth—
The coming down of God in human form
To be the world's Redeemer and its Norm.
Here, too, the greatest sacrifice took place
That ever happened anywhere in space;
And through this sacrifice, so wise and great,
There is redemption from our fallen state.
Here Wisdom, by her reconstructive art,
Is doing grandly her distinguished part
To raise this mansion from its ancient fall,
And make it the sublimest world of all.
Thus measured rightly by its great events,
It should receive the highest compliments.

Within this gorgeous palace, Wisdom reigns,
And, with unerring skill and knowledge, trains
Her loyal subjects in her handicrafts;
And on the pinions of her mind she wafts
Their aspirations tow'rd the perfect goal—
The future palace of the human soul.

In view of Wisdom's mansions in the skies,
Their beauty, wonder and colossal size,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Her smaller mansions here upon the earth
Are often valued far below their worth;
But some of them are greater far than those
Which larger magnitudes and groups enclose.

The Temple of the Body.

“Take man, for instance, as her workmanship,
And he in skill and wonder will outstrip
The mighty constellations seen on high,
As all the truly wise will testify.
In him, as Wisdom’s masterpiece, we find
A universe of mansions all combined—
The comprehensive genus of the host—
The mighty spheres and systems all engrossed.
The temple of the body shows a skill,
Which makes the scientific spirit thrill
With wonder and with admiration great,
As it attempts its worth to calculate.
The wondrous temple of King David’s son,
The Hall at Karnak and the Parthenon,
The Xerxes Palace at Persepolis,
With those of Baalbek that the heavens kiss;
Together with Saint Peter’s and Saint Paul’s,
And all the mighty modern palace halls,
Are naught beside the Temple of the Soul,
Through which a thousand crimson streamlets roll,
And thousands of tremendous forces talk
As through its corridors they proudly walk.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Composite architecture here is found—
Ionic, Doric, Tuscan, much abound,
With splendid Romanesque and Byzantine,
Superbly blended by the Hand Divine.

The Palace of the Soul

“The soul that in this temple walks about,
And through its gorgeous windows looks without,
Or stands within its five artistic doors,
And all around the universe explores,
Is greater than its tabernacle home,
And all the mansions in the starry dome;
For it possesses intellect and will,
And depths which all the heavens cannot fill.
The universe of matter cannot think,
Nor feel, nor will, nor freedom’s pleasures drink,
Because it is within the realm of Fate,
Unconscious of itself and of its state;
But not so with the active mind of man,
Which of itself can feel, and think, and plan,
And execute according to its choice,
And then o’er mighty victories rejoice.
The body will, ere long, return to dust,
And much of Wisdom’s workmanship will rust;
The heavens, too, will sometime pass away
With all their wondrous glitter and display;
But man’s immortal soul with glory crowned,
And in Salvation’s goodly garments gowned,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Will through eternal ages gladly sing
The praises of the Universal King.
Its body, too, will some day rise again,
And be for ever free from sin and pain.
Both soul and body shall be glorified,
And all their splendid powers multiplied;
And Wisdom will their lovely tenant be
Throughout the ages of eternity.
Her royal table will be richly spread,
And satisfy them both with living bread.
Then through this microcosmic universe,
Supernal Wisdom will with joy rehearse
The triumphs of redeeming grace and skill,
In winning back to God the human will.

But Wisdom also has her clusters here,
Allied to those within her starry sphere,
And like her systems in the field of blue,
They come sublimely into human view.

The Home or Family

“The home, where love and virtue never droop,
Is Wisdom’s first and chief primeval group—
A solar system with a double sun,
Around which little planets gladly run—
A constellation with two major stars—
Without the mythologic god of wars.
Here loving parents with their faces bright,

THE GUIDING HAND.

In good and faithful children take delight,
While happy children all their laws obey,
As they around the homestead romp and play,
Or circle round the stand with books in hand,
Or humbly bow in one delightful band
Around the altar of the fam'ly prayer,
Committing unto God their ev'ry care.
Oh, this is heaven's choicest vestibule,
And this her primal kindergarten school!
We thank thee O thou mighty Architect,
For all the fam'ly clusters that reflect
The unseen glories of the home beyond,
Which in this way upon the earth have dawned.

The Public School System.

"The next great cluster is the Public School,
Where Wisdom still extends her sov'reign rule,
And where still larger numbers circle round
To hear her words, both simple and profound.
Here spelling, reading, writing, history,
With mathematics and geography,
Together with some latin in the course,
And good deportment taught by word and force,
Develop and enlarge the human mind
In all the ways it seems to be inclined.
The indications of its horoscope
Point plainly to the morning star of Hope,
Which is the dawning of the perfect day

THE GUIDING HAND.

When Wisdom shall have universal sway.
All hail, then, to the major stars who wield
The scepter over this young stellar field.
The world at large delights to honor them,
And give to each a shining diadem.

The University.

“A higher constellation next appears
With glory crowning all its passing years,
And as it moves along its shining way,
The lower clusters feel its gentle sway,
And gladly follow on within its wake,
Determined fully higher grounds to take.
Here brilliant stars of mighty magnitudes,
Develop in our youth the higher moods,
So they can better serve their fellow man
According to Supernal Wisdom’s plan.
A group of mansions, both sublime and grand—
The pride and glory of the favored land!
It strongly grapples with all mystery,
Because its name is University.

The State.

“Another mansion-cluster is the State,
About which politicians oft debate,
And demagogues sometimes in fury rage
Both in the street and on the public stage;

THE GUIDING HAND.

But yet the constellation moves along
More often in the right than in the wrong.
The Institution, though, is always right,
No matter how its lusty subjects fight;
For Wisdom builds the state, as well as schools,
And should not have to bear the blame of fools.
This cluster of our independent states,
Which Freedom with her torch irradiates,
Is Wisdom's greatest civil-palace-hall,
To which she does all burdened peoples call.
Of course, the other nations, too, are hers,
And she their patriotic fervor stirs
To higher aims, as well as nobler deeds,
As she with loving kindness gently leads.
Thus all her civil mansions here below
In one great constellation brightly glow,
And onward, upward, tow'rd the far-off goal,
They move along with Wisdom in control.

The Church.

"The next great constellation is the Church,
Which some with vicious slander try to smirch;
But yet, inspite of all the evil horde,
It has within it choicest treasures stored.
It is the 'Pillar and the ground of truth,'
The place for hoary age and virile youth,
A light illuminating all the world,
An army with its banners all unfurled,

THE GUIDING HAND.

A mountain gold-field with the richest mines—
A city out of which Jehovah shines.
Salvation is her bulwarks and her walls,
And gladness echoes through her goodly halls.
Her horoscope predicts a Golden Age,
When wrongs shall all be driven from the stage,
And nevermore disturb the human race,
And nevermore contend with Sov'reign Grace.
Like Ursa Major with its pointers, true,
It brings the far-off Pole-star into view.
By faith we see the perfect realm beyond
To which believers have a title-bond—
A world of many mansions, we have learned—
In which we all should deeply be concerned.
Immortal glories all the righteous wait;
And when they pass within the Golden Gate,
The vision that will meet their raptured eyes
Will be a happy and a grand surprise;
For Wisdom's mansions there will far excel
What all the poets here could ever tell,
And all the glory of the universe
Which neither men nor angels can rehearse."

Like waves upon the mighty deep
When gentle winds its bosom sweep,
Or like the waving forest-trees
Before a gentle summer breeze,
The hearts of that assembled throng
Were moved by this delightful song.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Emotions of the pleasant kind
Took full possession of their mind;
And when she bowed her last farewell,
As from her lips the last word fell,
The pent-up feelings of the crowd
Broke forth in plaudits long and loud.
Then as she gently took her seat,
There quickly fell about her feet
A cloud of presents and bouquets,
To emphasize her well-earned praise.

SECTION VI.

AT HOME.

At Pleasant Vale and Abalooth,
The aged came, as well as youth,
To welcome home the gifted son
And brilliant daughter who had won
So many honors while at school,
And lived so well the golden rule.
Their many friends for miles around,
Were at the great reception found.
In conversation and in song,
The joyful programmes moved along
Until the midnight hour had come,
When they began to start for home.

Sylvanus and Miss Ruth, as yet,
Had never, to their knowledge, met,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Though of each other they had heard,
And to each other felt endeared.
Good news from each through faithful friends,
Who long had watched their mental trends,
And felt convinced if they should meet
That both their hearts as one would beat,
Caused both of them, at length, to muse,
And each the other's life peruse.

Sylvanus:—

“Is what I hear an idle tale
That comes on some unfriendly gale
To agitate my heart and mind
Until I can no respite find?
Or has some angel interposed,
And all these thoughts to me proposed?
I learn, from what some neighbors say,
That there resides some miles away,
A maiden of superior worth,
Though of an humble country birth,
And whom these friends all recommend
As one to whom I should extend
The friendly offer of my hand,
For reasons which I understand.
They tell me of her college fame,
And how the people laud her name;
And of her noted Christian zeal,
Which to my heart makes strong appeal.
Of graceful form and av’rage size;

THE GUIDING HAND.

With lovely face and azure eyes ;
With winsome ways and charmnig voice,
Which make her many friends rejoice,
And with a polished dignity
That any one can plainly see,
She stands a model of her sex,
And noblest womanhood reflects.
About a score of miles away,
This brilliant girl resides, they say.
I've often heard of her before,
And twice I've passed right by her door ;
But I have never seen her yet—
A fact I very much regret.
The friends that in between us live,
Important information give
About this charming, educated girl,
Which causes all my thoughts to whirl
Like windmills in a western breeze
When they rotate with perfect ease.
The recent fame that she has won,
Has quickly through these sections run.
Somehow, their story strikes me so,
That I do feel inclined to go
And ascertain, myself, the truth
About this maiden they call Ruth.
But yet I must not be in haste,
The cup of deeper love to taste ;
For now I feel the burning coal
Through all the regions of my soul,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And if I see her now, I feel,
That love would all my senses steal.
So, then, I'll wait till I regain
The full possession of my brain,
And till an opportunity
Throws open wide her door to me."

While he was thus in mind confused,
Ruth also in her parlor mused:—

Ruth:—

"'Tis passing strange that what I hear
Falls with such force upon my ear,
And trills along on ev'ry nerve
Until it captures the reserve
That I have kept for only one,
Who lives somewhere beneath the sun.
I think Sylvanus is the swain,
Who has the knowledge and the brain,
The virtues of the true manhood,
And all the traits for which I've stood;
For never was my heart so swayed
By anything upon it laid.
Though I have never seen his face,
Affection's arms doth him embrace.
In view of what is said of him,
I must indulge this girlish whim.
I wonder if its Cupid's dart
That has so deeply pierced my heart?

THE GUIDING HAND.

Or may it be the Guiding Hand
That hath this strange emotion fanned?
It must be some celestial fire
Awaking in me this desire
Tow'rd one, a stranger yet to me,
But whom I hope sometime to see.
Of course I shall not be in haste,
And will not any moments waste
In planning for an interview,
As foolish maidens sometimes do.
I will await the proper time
When circumstances all are prime.
If we were for each other made,
And both are of the proper grade,
The unseen Hand will find a way
For us to meet some future day."

Thus those two hearts in union beat,
And longed to each the other meet;
But something in between them stepped,
And in suspense they both were kept
Until the time the angels set,
When first in years gone by they met.

SECTION VII.

The Meeting.

At length, on Independence Day,
Amidst the glitter and display

THE GUIDING HAND.

Of blazing patriotic zeal,
Expressive of a nation's weal,
The golden opportunity,
Which did with modesty agree,
Arrived in stately gracefulness
This waiting couple soon to bless.
Within a most delightful grove,
Where Cupid's victims love to rove,
The people came for miles around,
And made the neighborhood resound
With patriotic speech and song,
And noisy tumult of the throng.

The singers, first, as had been planned,
All took their places on the stand.
Ruth Caldwell, in her best attire,
Stepped forth as leader of the choir,
And took her seat with graceful air,
And never looked more debonair.
Sylvanus, yet within the crowd,
Almost began to love out loud.
He knew that she was on the ground,
And that the time would soon roll round,
When she would take her ordained place
Where he could see her face to face.
So when she turned and faced about,
His heart began to sing and shout.
A summer breeze swept through his soul,
Which taxed his noted self-control,

THE GUIDING HAND.

But by an effort of his will,
His swaying soul again was still.
As speaker of the day, he knew
That it would never , never do,
For him to show the least concern,
Or let the crowd his feelings learn—
At least till he had made his speech,
And landed safely on the beach—
For this attempt seemed now to him
Like sailing o'er an ocean grim.
So with an Herculean stroke,
The magic spell he quickly broke,
And took his place upon the stand
Near both the singers and the band.

As he was brought up from the crowd,
Applaudits broke forth long and loud ;
And as he tow'rd the stand advanced,
Ruth Caldwell seemed to be entranced.
She joined the plaudits of the throng,
Which made him feel both brave and strong.
Her attitude, as thus expressed,
Did more, by far, than all the rest
To all his energies inspire,
And call forth all his latent fire.

The band first played a splendid air,
And next the choir, with music rare,
Called forth expressions of delight,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And made a thousand faces bright.
Distinct from all, the voice of Ruth,
Appealed to age as well as youth.
Well modulated, strong, yet soft,
It bore the thoughts of all aloft
Like flocks of birds from off the ground
Aroused by some approaching sound.
Sylvanus felt infilled with strength,
Until he found himself, at length,
Like nature in the month of June
When all her forces are in tune.

The chairman introduced him well,
Which caused Ruth's heart with joy to swell.
His early life and college days
Received their just deserts of praise.

Sylvanus, then, arose to speak,
And looked both leonine and meek.
His voice was strong, distinct and clear,
And free from all his erstwhile fear.
His stalwart and symmetric form
Sent forth a great magnetic storm.
He spoke upon a weighty theme,
But yet he made his subject gleam
With knowledge and with lofty thought,
Which he from many sources brought.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“WAR AS A FACTOR IN THE WORLD’S CIVILIZATION.”

“‘A great misnomer,’ some will doubtless say—
‘A shocking statement for the world to-day!
Do you, in this enlightened age, affirm
That angry Mars who makes the nations squirm
Beneath his mighty avalanche of woes,
And suffer all of his destructive blows,
Contributes any good to struggling man,
Or helps along the universal plan?
Dare you assert that all this awful strife
That separates the husband from his wife,
Deprives the children of a father’s care,
Leaves broken-hearted sisters in despair,
And lovers to bemoan their wretched fate,
And travel through this life disconsolate,
Can help to civilize the human race,
And raise it to a more exalted place?
The fact of bloody wars you should deplore,
And pray that they should curse the world no
more.

When Rachel for her children loudly weeps,
And rampant war across our country sweeps,
Despoiling cities, railroads and our crops,
Before its dreadful devastation stops,
How can you, sir, in view of such a scene,
Affirm that anything can contravene

THE GUIDING HAND.

To turn this carnage to a good account,
Or draw sweet water from this bitter fount?"

"Admitting all the horrors you relate,
Both in the home, as well as in the state,
And deprecating just as much as you
The multitude of evils that ensue,
And claiming, too, that war should be condemned,
And that this trend of nations should be stemmed;
Regarding it as evil, in itself,
And that it's often waged for paltry pelf,
And painting it with all the blackest paint
That can be mixed by any pious saint,
I still believe, without the least of doubt,
That war, with all its evils, brings about
Improved conditions in the hostile states,
Which have been rent by factions and debates—
That from the carcass of the lion comes
Both meat and honey for the states and homes.

Around about the Ruler of the world
Are clouds from which red thunder-bolts are
hurled—
Not all the time, of course—but now and then,
To humble and reprove the pride of men,
And vindicate the justice of His laws
By that which startles, terrifies and awes.
'Tis said that one great scientific priest*

*Kepler.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Once thought this earth a living beast;
And that it breathed in winds and swelling tides,
As round the sun it sped with rapid strides,
And shook itself in mighty earthquake-throes,
Or belched its fury forth in volcanoes.
But while this beast devours the human race,
And human blood is spattered o'er its face;
And while it sometimes leaves a country waste
To satisfy its maw and please its taste,
Yet from its open mouth there gently flow
Ten thousand streams with blessings to bestow
On vegetation, crops, and brutes and men,
As cycles move away and come again;
And which make landscapes blossom as the rose,
And splendid cities on their banks to pose.
Its rosy lips drop like the honeycomb
As it proclaims the treasures in its home,
And all the knowledge that it has in store
For those who o'er its wondrous volumes pore.
Its garments smell like ancient Lebanon—
With spikenard, calamus and cinnamon—
With saffron, aloes, myrrh and frankincense,
And spices with the sweetest odors tense.
Within its gardens fragrant flowers grow,
O'er which the perfumed zephyrs gently blow,
While all its orchards bear the choicest fruit,
Which ev'ry kind of appetite doth suit.
Its breath with health and vigor is replete,
And scented with a thousand odors sweet;

THE GUIDING HAND.

Then when it sometimes turns to frightful gales,
And colder breathing, now and then, prevails,
It still refreshes and invigorates,
Inspires, expands, delights and stimulates.
Upon its back the farmer raises corn,
While crops of ev'ry kind its fields adorn.
Upon its liquid bosom proudly float
The mighty ships of nations which denote
A busy and a friendly world, as well,
The wealth of which no mortal man can tell;
While now and then the navies of the world
Sail forth with military flags unfurled.
It has ten thousand pockets filled with gold,
And other precious treasures manifold,
From which it takes with free and lavish hand,
And scatters blessings over ev'ry land.
And when the resurrection morning dawns
And ev'ry empty cemetery yawns,
The bodies of the children and the just
Which have for ages slept in silent dust,
Shall come forth clothed with immortality,
And filled with everlasting ecstasy.

Thus while this huge and mighty beast of prey
Is giving forth its sweetness day by day,
The time is coming when its fragrant mouth
Shall issue proclamations north and south,
And in the dawning east and golden west,
That all the good shall be for ever blest.

THE GUIDING HAND.

The whole creation which so long had groaned
Where great disasters seemed to be enthroned,
Shall then blaze forth with splendor now unknown,
And good, alone, shall occupy the throne.

The Programme of the Ages.

“The programme of the world was largely changed,
When from his Maker man became estranged.
If he had always kept his first estate,
The primal programme would have gone on
 straight,
And universal peace would still prevail
With all the blessings that it would entail;
But now the changed conditions all demand
A confiscation of the contraband,
To make the wrath of man proclaim the praise
Of Him, who thus adapts His sov’reign ways,
To turn rebellion to a good account,
And draw sweet water from this bitter fount;
For God, alone, can do this mighty act,
And you will doubtless recognize the fact.

When children from their father’s rule depart,
Becoming hostile in their mind and heart,
The father must assume an attitude—
Not like the mother-bird with happy brood—
But like the civil ruler, stanch and stern,
When loyal subjects from His kingdom turn.

THE GUIDING HAND.

So, then, in view of sin's abnormal reign,
We may expect much evil in its train,
And that the rightful Ruler of the soul
Would find a way by which He could control,
Confuse, dismay, direct and overrule,
The folly of the wise man and the fool.

Included in this programme's wondrous sweep,
Though buried in its boundless wisdom deep,
Are what the preachers call, 'Divine decrees
Of the permissive kind,' which, like the bees,
Make honey in their providential hives
Just as the Guiding Hand of God contrives.
That is, God lets the nations have their way,
And their ambitious tendencies obey,
And then, with unseen and with skillful hand,
He brings about results as He had planned.

Vicarious Suffering.

"The chief department of this programme is
The Incarnation of the Christ and His
Great substitutionary death for man,
A part of which we now will try to scan,
As it will throw great light upon our theme,
And bring from greatest depths its richest cream.

Without this great and fundamental fact,
The mighty problem would the mind distract;

THE GUIDING HAND.

But with it, the solution may be found
That will irradiate the subject round.

The Great Rebellion of this world of ours,
And its collusion with Satanic pow'rs,
Have made it necessary for our God,
Not only to display His chast'ning rod,
But also His eternal love for man,
As now expressed in His Redemptive plan.
The satisfaction that His law required,
As He has taught us by His Book inspired,
Was blood-atonement for the human soul,
And full surrender to Divine control.

In nature, too, this fact is written large,
And from its reign there shall be no discharge
Until the world has run its present course
And passed beyond the bloody reign of force.
Meantime, the present order of the world,
Will keep the flag of sacrifice unfurled.
Decaying matter fertilizes soil,
And for each other nature's forces toil.
The seed must die to bring forth larger fruit
To satisfy the wants of man and brute.
Rapacious beasts upon each other prey,
Their raving appetites to feed and stay;
And then, according to the ordained plan,
Lay down their lives and shed their blood for man;
Or else wear out their lives in daily toil

THE GUIDING HAND.

To haul him round and cultivate his soil.
This law of sacrifice goes on apace,
And takes possession of the human race,
Instructing by its bloody catechism,
And leading forth to deeds of heroism.
But passing by the philanthropic deeds
Performed to satisfy our common needs,
And all the little altruistic codes,
Which help to lighten one another's loads,
We come, at length, into the realm of Mars
To see this law perform in bloody wars.
The law of substitution here prevails
In flowing human blood and dying wails.
For country and for home our soldiers die,
And thus the death on Calv'ry typify.

As we, to-day, with weeping eyes look back
Along this fallen world's rebellious track,
We find it deeply stained with human blood,
And wet with tears of weeping womanhood;
But yet this blood atoned for many wrongs,
And thrilled the world with patriotic songs.
Despotic nations have been overthrown,
And right has been exalted to the throne.
A thousand evils have been swept away,
And dying men have ushered in a better day.

THE GUIDING HAND.

The Roman Legend.

“In ancient Rome, a famous legend runs,
An earthquake, more appalling than the Huns,
Op’ed wide and deep a yawning, hissing chasm,
Which threw the multitudes into a spasm.
They called upon their thirty thousand gods,
Like those who wrestle with o’erwhelming odds,
But all of them remained aloof for cause,
And left them in the hands of nature’s laws.
‘What shall be done?’ the people loudly cried,
As sturdy men and valiant soldiers sighed.
The wise men, after consultation, said:
‘The gods are angry, and their wine-press tread.
This chasm will never cease to fume and hiss
Until you throw into its dark abyss
The choicest treasure that you have in Rome,
Belonging to the state or to the home.’

The people brought their silver and their gold,
The nation its most sacred things of old,
And threw them down its black and dismal throat;
But it continued still o’er them to gloat,
And opened wider still its ugly mouth
For houses east and west and north and south.
Despair spread consternation through the hosts
As fast as he could send around his posts.
Excited people prayed and wept and wailed
Until their waning strength and voices failed.

THE GUIDING HAND.

At length, a youthful soldier came in sight,
With Roman uniform and armor bright,
And mounted on a trained and valiant steed,
As if he meant to do some daring deed.
The noble beast, like Job's War-horse of old,
Advanced in military fashion bold.
His neck was clothed with thunder or a mane
That quavered like a storm-cloud pouring rain.
He sniffed the wind and pawed the trembling
earth,
Expanding and contracting in his girth.
His graceful head, uplifted now and then,
Was seen to tower o'er the tallest men;
And then again with neck most proudly bowed,
The best of all good qualities he showed.
He pranced along without the least of fear;
And as he tow'rd the yawning pit drew near,
The soldier's armor rattled on his sides,
And sundered people moved aback like tides.
The soldier stopped him on the crumbling brink,
As if to take a little time to think,
Or give the people time to draw their breath
Before he made the startling plunge to death;
But such was not his purpose, they soon learned,
As he with calmness tow'rd them slowly turned,
And with a loud and charming voice then cried:—
'The wise men have most truly prophesied.
This yawning gulf, I'm sure, will never close
Until the state its choicest treasure throws

THE GUIDING HAND.

Into its open mouth with willing hand,
According to the statutes of the land.
Your precious jewels and your treasured gold,
Are not the choicest things your coffers hold.
True patriotic zeal or love of state,
Alone, can all the gods propitiate.'

Then with a shining face lit up with bliss,
He boldly leaped into the dark abyss,
And horse and rider disappeared from sight
Deep down within the weird abysmal night.
The necessary sacrifice was made,
And all the angry gods their vengeance stayed.
The earth closed over both the horse and man,
And many people from the vision ran,
While others, with their mingled grief and joy,
Proclaimed the praises of the soldier-boy.
He died for country, friends and home,
And by his death he saved the famous Rome.

Thus earthquakes in the realms of mighty states,
Produced by despots and their advocates,
Or else by lovers of a worthy cause
To free themselves from old oppressive laws,
Have opened dismal pits, both wide and deep,
Which caused the Rachels on each side to weep,
And stalwart men to tremble with dismay,
And from the awful sight to turn away.

THE GUIDING HAND.

The advocates of peace have wisely planned,
And with heroic skill have tried their hand
To stay those yawning gulfs without a war,
And stop the crushing Juggernautic-car;
But all their many efforts were in vain,
And left the hostile nations rent in twain.
'What shall be done?' the people wildly cry,
As war-clouds spread across the peaceful sky.
'To arms! To arms! To arms!' the leaders shout;
'For gallant force can only bring about
The state of peace we all desire to see,
And cause these war-clouds from our sky to flee,
And these abysmal depths their mouths to close,
And desert lands to blossom like the rose.
The patriotic sacrifice of life
Can only stop this bitter, wrangling strife.
A blood-atonement is the only thing
That can the dove of peace to us re-bring.'

Then, like the Marcus Curtius of old,
With country's uniforms and faces bold,
A million of their brave and stalwart youth,
Borne forward by the love of right and truth,
March boldly to their nation's pit of woe,
And in its deep abyss their bodies throw.
Its mouth upon their bleeding bodies close,
And peace again throughout their country flows
Like rivers that make glad the landscapes round,
And cause them with new blessings to abound.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Thus on the bloody battle-fields of earth
Where independent states have had their birth,
And where great civic wrongs have met their fate,
And tyrants have been forced to abdicate,
Lie buried millions of our bravest youth,
Who sacrificed their lives for love of truth.

The Revolutionary War.

“Our own United States were thus made free,
And thus we won the prize of liberty.
Oppression had his foot upon our necks,
And practiced his conscription on our decks.
He had refused assent to wholesome laws,
And in our conduct looked alone for flaws.
He sought to weary us in many ways--
By arbitrary acts, and long delays;
By dissolutions of our Parliament,
And his officials to our country sent;
By making judges on his will depend,
And justice to his selfish notions bend;
By sending standing armies to our shores,
When flags of peace hung over all our doors;
By trying to subject our civil state
To military rules of ancient date;
By interfering with our foreign trade,
And unjust taxes on our people laid;
By thwarting justice in our civil courts,
And taking victims to his foreign ports;

THE GUIDING HAND.

By abrogating laws not to his taste,
And trying to our burdened country waste;
By causing insurrections in our land,
Which he with malice knavely planned;
And then, his sordid appetite to please,
And his unjust displeasure to appease,
He sent his army to uphold his throne,
And force us his despotic rule to own.

Our fathers tried their best to stem the tide,
And in the Mother Country to confide.
They often sent petitions for redress,
But those petitions brought them more distress.
They kindly made appeals to kindred ties,
And tried to bring the tears to George's eyes;
And then they warned and threatened him, at last,
That in the West was rising such a blast
That even England could not stand before,
And which would drive her from our ev'ry shore.

But all their efforts proved of no avail,
And all their wrongs continued to prevail.
Thus only one resort was left to them
By which they hoped this foreign tide to stem;
And that resort was stern and righteous force,
Which now should run its long and bloody course.
So civil independence was declared,
And patriotic men their bosoms bared;
And after many years of shot and shell,

THE GUIDING HAND.

The flag of England in our country fell,
And Independence took her starry throne
From which the joy of liberty was sown
Like floods of morning light o'er all the land,
According to the unseen Guiding Hand.
The country's burden from its shoulders fell,
And glad and restful days began to tell
The good results that followed up the war,
And pointed tow'rd the goal, not very far,
When this should be a nation of delight,
Contending for the everlasting right,
And richly dressed in garments pure and white,
And clothed with almost universal might.
To-day their hopes are largely realized,
And their beloved states are aggrandized—
Exalted to the very highest place
Of any nation in the civic race.
From glory unto glory we still march
Beneath our great, triumphant, starry arch,
And with the years are always growing strong—
Enlarging as we swiftly move along.
But let us not the tragic fact forget
That blood-atonement all those evils met,
And drove them from our dearly-purchased soil,
And on our troubled waters poured its oil.

Thus from the mighty eater came forth meat,
And from the strong there came the honey sweet.
The healing balm has also been applied,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And both the countries now are satisfied,
And gladly walk together, arm in arm,
With no intent to do the other harm,
And showing to the nations all around,
That they by ties of love are strongly bound.

The Great Rebellion.

“The costly peace our early fathers bought,
And which with blessings was so richly fraught,
Was sometimes marred by wars of lesser note,
The growing country’s welfare to promote;
But we shall pass them by without review,
And come to one of more concern to you.

A mighty civil earthquake shook our land
And rent asunder our united band.
The yawning crater opened wide its mouth,
And mighty forces from the North and South,
Rushed into it without regard for life,
That they might stop the long and bitter strife,
Which, like hot winds upon the western plain,
Left death and desolation in its train.
Three hundred thousand of our northern youth
Laid down their lives for freedom and for truth,
While full as many on the southern side,
For what they thought was right and proper died.
A million, altogether, it is thought,
Were in this great volcanic crater caught.

THE GUIDING HAND.

They either died upon the battle-field,
Or from disease or wounds that never healed.
When human blood sufficient had been shed,
And men enough were numbered with the dead,
The ugly crater closed its awful mouth,
Uniting once again the North and South.
Four million human slaves were thus set free,
The good results of which all now can see.
The honey from the eater flows in streams,
And blesses all beyond their fondest dreams.
Our country never was so great before,
And still its outlook is with good galore.
What matter if some problems have been raised,
Before which thinking people stand amazed?
These problems will be solved in course of time,
And made to fit the universal rhyme.
We need to grapple with such problems, too,
To give us elevating work to do.
Then do not blame the war for such results,
As this does not become our nation's cults.
'Tis childish, and unlike the stalwart mind,
Which in these problems makes a precious find.
The problems looming up before the war,
Were more perplexing to the states, by far,
Than any that have followed in its train,
Of which so many thoughtless men complain.
They stood like mountains on our ev'ry side,
Or stretched before us like the Red Sea wide,

THE GUIDING HAND.

While on behind us came the rushing storm
All dressed in military uniform.

The only way to stop this angry flood
Was through the troubled Sea of Human Blood.
Into this rolling sea our soldiers plunged,
And from our land those evils were expunged.
Then let us meet the problems of to-day,
And not, like cowards, from them run away.
Our difficulties are of such a kind
That all should fall before the thinking mind.
Our present problems do not call for war,
Nor controversies that should cause a jar.

So let us, then, instead of finding fault
With problems rising from that great assault,
Remember those whose sun went down in blood
From ev'ry state and ev'ry neighborhood;
For they deserve their country's highest praise
For saving it in those most trying days.

And those who fought beside those heroes bold,
And who to-day are growing feebly old—
Those who escaped the leaden-hail of death,
And often felt Death's powder-scented breath—
Have truly won the hero's starry crown,
At which no loyal citizen can frown.
Like Him who came from Edom's gory field,
And up from Bozrah with His mighty shield,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Where He, the wine-press of a righteous wrath,
Tread boldly, and from which a bloody path
Comes down the ages dropping endless good,
And giving to the world a true manhood,—
So have our heroes come from fields of blood
With garments spattered with the crimson flood,
Which, from the wine-press of the nation's wrath,
Sends forth its blessings all along its path.
All glory to their valiant heroism
That saved our Union from its awful schism.
A grateful nation never can forget
The faithful men who paid its gory debt.
Their deeds are written with an iron pen,
And all our loyal people shout, 'Amen.'

The Reunion.

"But while we thus the union soldiers praise,
And in their honor all our banners raise,
Yet we can also praise, without reserve,
The honest candor, courage, grit and nerve,
Of those who fought them with heroic skill,
And often gave to them the vanquished-chill.
Their southern foes were worthy of their steel,
And fought them with their own peculiar zeal.
If like the Filipinos they had fought,
How cheap the prize the northern soldiers bought!
But since they, too, were men of their own type,
And with the Anglo-Saxon virtues ripe,

THE GUIDING HAND.

The North may glory over its success,
And value Southern soldiers none the less.
We need not from our country's teaching swerve
To give them all the credit they deserve.
The victors and the vanquished in the fight,
Should both upon their kindred-grounds unite,
As it was but a fam'ly fuss, you know,
And not a war with any foreign foe.
Thus should our magnanimity abound,
And meet our brethren on this kindred-ground—
The sacred ground of Sisterhood-of-states—
Where Union, now, her triumph celebrates.

And let the vanquished in that bitter strife,
Who loved the Southern Cause above their life,
Pull up the bitter-roots within their heart,
And with their Northern Brethren do their part
To bring about a state of perfect peace,
And our beloved country's worth increase.
The selfish lion, thus, we can destroy,
And from his carcass eat the sweet with joy.

The Spanish-American War.

“Another war, I'm sure, will entertain,
And that was our unselfish war with Spain—
Unselfish in its purpose or its aim,
Because it was another country's claim
That we with zeal espoused, and not our own,

THE GUIDING HAND.

To drive the lusty tyrant from his throne,
And give to her the freedom she desired—
The high estate to which she long aspired.
The message that we sent the struggling state,
We now in shorter measure will relate.

The Message.

‘We are coming, Cuba, coming—
Uncle Sam is on the way—
Wheels of transports all are humming,
Coming nearer ev’ry day;
Freedom’s voice is loudly ringing,
Shouting, ‘Cuba must be free!’
And the Muses all are singing
Songs of coming victory.

‘We have seen your desolation,
And have heard your cries for bread;
Listened to your lamentation,
And bemoaned your loyal dead;
We are moved by your condition,
And the sinking of the Maine,
To begin this coalition
For the punishment of Spain.

‘With our Navy on the water,
And our Army on the land,
There will be a mighty slaughter,

THE GUIDING HAND.

If the Spaniards try to stand;
They will have to soon surrender
Or be blotted from the earth,
When we make to them the tender
Of abandonment or death.

‘Get your gallant forces ready,
Join us on your border-land,
Keep your nerves and courage steady,
Make a bold decisive stand;
Then fear not your own abduction,
And we’ll drive the Spaniards out,
And the Work of Reconstruction
Will be quickly brought about.’

“The war of intervention soon begun,
And in a hundred days its course was run,
And Spain was driven from the great Antilles,
And Cuba soon received her sov’reign seal,
While Porto Rico with a willing mind,
And with a noble purpose well-defined,
Took refuge under our benignant rule,
And entered our great Independence School.
And then to us a reflex benefit,
The lamp of reconciliation lit.
The factions North and South and East and West
Were to their civic Mother’s bosom pressed,
And there they laid aside their erstwhile hate,
And promised nevermore to separate.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Our dormant powers also wakened up,
And drank a potion from a larger cup
That widened our horizon all around,
And caused us to enlarge our native bound.
A hermit nation we had been so long,
That it was hard to join the larger throng,
And take our place upon the world-wide stage,
And in the mighty world-wide work engage;
But by the war of blood, plus war of words,
We stretched our tent and lengthened all our cords,
Until we, now, with banners all unfurled,
Exert a wondrous power on the world.
No longer anti-mission in belief,
We, with a willing hand, extend relief
To those who need our help beyond the sea,
And thus enlarge the bounds of liberty.

Woman's Part in the Bloody Drama.

“ ’Twould be a slight to all the gentler sex,
If in this bloody programme, so complex,
Their noble part should not be mentioned, too,
And credit given them the ages through;
For in the struggles of the world at large,
And also in the military charge,
The women have the truest helpmates been
In time of peace and in the battle's din.
They always find a way to help the men,
To either slay the lion in his den,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Or else upon the roaring battle-field,
Where he, at length, must die or humbly yield.
The Carthaginian women did their share
By cutting off their long and flowing hair,
Which was the women's glory then, as now,
And with their skillful hands—they knew just
how—

They wove it into bowstrings, neat and strong,
Which sent the arrows with their deathly song
Into the vitals of the coming foe,
And laid the military lion low.

When Conrad, at the siege of Weinsberg, gave
The city's women all a chance to save
What they could carry out upon their backs,
He saw them filing out along the tracks;
And on the back of each and ev'ry one,
Was seen a husband, brother or a son,
A stalwart father or a soldier-friend,
Who could his country's liberties defend.
So touched was he by this heroic sight,
He spared the city from its threatened plight.

Thus all along the red path of our race—
In ev'ry country and in ev'ry place—
The women have heroic splendor shown,
And crowned themselves with glory all their own.
Among the sick and wounded they have won
Immortal glory for the work they've done.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Their labor in the home and in the field
To keep their children from the wolf concealed,
Together with the uniforms they've made,
The needy soldiers at the front to aid,
And all the other ways they've helped the cause,
And saved their country from the lion's claws,
Have given inspiration to the men,
Which was to them like freshest oxygen;
For, after all, it is for womankind
That man delights to exercise his mind,
And even go to war for her welfare,
If he her sympathy can only share.
With faithful woman standing by his side,
No matter what his pathway may betide,
He will not hesitate to do his best,
And sacrifice his life if she is blest.

The Ultimate Civilization.

"But while the programme of the ages past
Has held the world in bloody conflicts fast;
And while these conflicts have, with master strokes,
Relieved the peoples from oppressive yokes,
Which ev'ry other effort failed to do,
As we, I think, have plainly shown to you;
And while this programme yet may long prevail,
And Rachel still be made to weep and wail,
Yet I am sure that better days will come,
When nations will discard the old-time drum

THE GUIDING HAND.

That called their noblest sons to give their life
To arbitrate disputes and settle strife.
The factors working for a lasting peace
Are taking on the world a longer lease,
And by and by they will the world possess,
And fill it with eternal blessedness.
True universal peace shall come, at last,
And war shall be a relic of the past;
For all the prophets have thus prophesied,
And for it Wisdom has for ages cried.

Isaiah in his far-off vision, saw
Disorder all reduced to righteous law,
And in his high and lofty style, he said,
As most of you have doubtless read:—
‘And it shall come to pass in latter days
That in the Holy Mountain God shall raise
His Kingdom to a high and lofty place,
And gather to it all the human race.
Then into plowshares they shall beat their swords;
And spears, that once belonged to warring hordes,
Shall be transformed to peaceful pruning-hooks,
And all the world shall change its former looks.
The nations nevermore shall go to war,
And nevermore their sons convene from far
To learn the arts by which to slay their foe,
For foes, again, they nevermore shall know.
There all shall walk in Wisdom’s peaceful ways,
And military ensigns never raise;

THE GUIDING HAND.

For out of Zion shall go forth the law
With which the world shall never find a flaw.'

Then we shall see, as never seen before,
That meat and honey from the lion's store
Will furnish all a thousand sacred sweets
With no more use of armies nor of fleets;
And that the way that led to this estate
Passed through unnumbered difficulties great.
O hasten on, thou glad and happy day,
When universal peace shall come to stay,
And all the world shall be for ever blessed,
And all its many wrongs shall be redressed."

* * * * *

All through this strong, impassioned speech,
Although its purpose was to teach,
And not to play upon the heart
By any tender-speaker's art,
Applause, at times, prolonged and loud,
Broke forth from that delighted crowd:
And when he made his closing bow
With perspiration on his brow,
The clapping hands and loud acclaims,
Were like ovations in the games.
Though this effect was not his aim,
Yet he with zeal was so aflame,
That all the powers of his soul
Blazed forth almost beyond control.

THE GUIDING HAND.

When quiet was again restored,
Ruth Caldwell, whom her friends adored,
Was introduced in splendid style
To entertain the crowd awhile
With one of her inspiring songs,
Composed for patriotic throngs.
But while Sylvanus talked of war,
And showed its blessings from afar,
She thought her song was out of place,
Until he closed with such good grace.
She feared at first they would conflict,
And that her theme would contradict
The broad position which he took,
And proved from nature and the Book.
But when, at length, he talked of peace,
And of a time when wars should cease,
And how delightful it would be
When right has won the victory,
Her face with joy began to beam,
Because her song would fit his theme.
His weighty words were now made plain,
And she was at herself again.
Indorsing fully all he said,
Her fear of contradiction fled,
When she discovered that her song
Would with his teaching move along.
So when the chairman called her out,
And told what she would sing about,
She stepped forth with a courage strong,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And faced the great applauding throng.
Thus welcomed, she began to sing,
And from her treasure-house to bring
A message that thrilled ev'ry heart,
Enforced by all the singer's art.

"THE VICTORIES OF PEACE."

"Peace is a jewel of infinite beauty
Dug from the quarries of Brotherly-love;
Peace is a lamp for the highway of duty—
Peace is a radiant heavenly dove;
Peace is an angel from regions of glory,
Filling the world with enrapturing songs,
Planting the olive on battle-fields gory,
Burying deep their distresses and wrongs.

"Peace is a victory over destruction—
Over dissension, disturbance and strife—
Peace is the blessed and lawful deduction
Of the ideal—the perfected life;
Cities destroyed have been resurrected,
Countries made desolate bloom as the rose,
Newness of life in their veins is injected,
Giving them all a prosperity pose.

"Schoolhouses and churches are rising sublimely,
Railroads are growing in number and length,
Telegraphs, telephones—always so timely—

THE GUIDING HAND.

Give us increasing and conquering strength;
Nations made weak by deterioration,
Caused by the loss of their healthiest sons,
Are, with rapidity, gaining in station,
Pressing on upward without their war-guns.

"Oh, how delightful is peace among nations!
Oh, how inspiring within our own land!
Nothing else causes such great celebrations—
Nothing else looks so exceedingly grand;
Let us rejoice in her splendid production,
Following closely her wonderful ways,
Taking a part in her work of construction,
Sharing the joys of her halcyon days."

* * * * *

A thousand hands began to clap,
While roses fell upon her lap;
And soon they called from near and far
For "Oklahoma's Double-Star."
Again she stepped out on the stage,
Attracting childhood, youth and age,
And with her soul all set on fire
By touching some electric wire,
Through which harmonic forces flow
From some tremendous dynamo,
She sang with that entrancing pow'r
That always brings a perfumed show'r
From clouds celestial and unseen,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Upon the people who convene
To hear a Muses' daughter sing,
And from afar her message bring.

Sylvanus sat completely charmed,
And, like a captured knight disarmed,
Was ready to surrender all,
And at his captor's feet to fall.
The little Cupid, quick and wise,
Brought forth the love-light to his eyes,
And pierced his palpitating heart
With his own never-failing dart.

The greatest demonstration yet,
And one that she would ne'er forget,
But often through her life review,
Broke forth as soon as she was through.
Her first song greatly pleased the crowd;
And of that effort all were proud,
But "Oklahoma's Double-Star,"
Threw all emotion's gates ajar
So that their patriotic zeal
Broke forth for Oklahoma's weal.

At length the meeting was adjourned,
And many tow'rd the speaker turned,
While others tow'rd the singer rushed
With happy faces deeply flushed;
And for a time they both were praised

THE GUIDING HAND.

Until their modest blood was raised,
And, with a skillful painter's brush,
Produced upon each face a blush
As pretty as a summer sky
When clearest days begin to die.
When all were through, they scattered out,
And left but few aroundabout.

The Introduction.

At length the psychologic time
Arrived with gracefulness sublime,
When those two noble souls could meet,
And each the other kindly greet.
The self-respect in each one's heart,
Had thus far kept them both apart;
For love, when joined with self-respect,
Desires to be in acts correct.
True love is sometimes bashful, too,
And keeps itself from public view
Until its courage gathers force
To help it on its wonted course.
So those two youths desired to meet,
But being modest and discreet,
As well as truly dignified,
And bashful, too, as was descried,
They waited for the proper time
That would with circumstances rhyme.
The golden time was now at hand,

THE GUIDING HAND.

As only few were on the stand.
A faithful friend of each was there,
And took occasion with great care
The couple so to introduce
That fears would raise a flag of truce.
The angels, too, were both on hand
To see that what they'd wisely planned
Was executed with the skill
That would each heart with rapture thrill.
The work was done—the two youths met
The time and way the angels set.

Sylvanus, in his splendid style—
His face illumined with a smile —
Was first to speak, and then to praise
The singer for her splendid lays.

Sylvanus:—

“I’m glad to meet you here to-day,
And hear you sing in such a way.
Your song, ‘The Victories of Peace,’
Should cause all cries for war to cease;
And then your ‘Oklahoma Song’
That moved in tidal waves along,
Submerged me in its thrilling flood,
And warmed my patriotic blood.
I would not try to flatter you,
But both your songs distilled like dew

THE GUIDING HAND.

Upon the tender grass in May,
Or on the fields of new-mown hay.
Nay, more, they fell like April show'rs
Upon the early vernal flow'rs,
And like the rain in summer time
When nature makes her perfect rhyme."

Ruth Caldwell's face turned rosy red,
And with well chosen words, she said—

Ruth:—

"I thank you, Mr. Walden—yet,
It seems to me that you have let
The inspiration of the day
That you, yourself, called into play,
Cause you to overestimate
The efforts you congratulate.
'Twas your great speech that fired the crowd,
And brought the shower from the cloud—
That caused the hearts of all to sing,
And made this grove with gladness ring.
Unless your speech had gone before,
My songs had fallen to the floor;
But on the wings of your great speech,
They were enabled thus to reach
The hearts of that inspiring throng
That you so strongly bore along
Upon the currents of your thought,
Which you from deepest fountains brought.

THE GUIDING HAND.

I never heard such words before;
And I shall never puzzle more
O'er God's great programme in the world
When bloody banners are unfurled."

Sylvanus:—

"I feel unworthy of such praise:
You almost all my senses daze.
I'd rather hear such words from you
Than any one I ever knew;
For one who could compose such songs,
Among the truly great belongs;
And one who sings them with such pow'r,
Has shared the Muses' highest dow'r."

* * * * *

Their friends had stepped aside awhile
With satisfaction in their smile,
And only heard the first few words
That flew from Walden's lips like birds.
They stood near by in one small group,
While farther off was seen the troop
Engaged in sports and friendly talks
Along the splendid shady walks.

Thus left alone the couple stood
Beneath the best trees of the wood.
With conduct graceful and polite,
And faces flushing with delight,

THE GUIDING HAND.

They gently talked as friend to friend,
And seemed to fully comprehend
The meaning of the other's look,
In which their hearts much pleasure took.

SECTION VIII.

The Uneasiness of Unassured Love.

When left alone, grave doubts arose,
Which dealt each one some heavy blows;
For while they were by love immured,
They felt a little unassured
That they had won each other's heart,
And in each other shared a part.
Thus while they felt love's joyful thrill,
Their anxious minds began to fill
With apprehensive doubts and fears
That sometimes filled their eyes with tears.
As love with doubt began to strive,
It caused their Muses to revive;
And so they both began to muse
With lovers thoughts and words profuse.

Sylvanus:—

"I must confess," Sylvanus mused,
"That I am very much confused,
And hardly know just what to do,
Or just what course I should pursue,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Or how to vent plethoric thought
Concerning one who is so fraught
With such delightful loveliness,
And such refinement of address.
Her education also draws,
According to its magic laws;
And then her strong athletic mind
Has round me all its tendrils twined,
And with its strong magnetic cords
Draws from my heart its warmest words.
Her Christian faith and zeal impart
Their thrilling gladness to my heart.
The strength I summoned for a shield,
Doth now in sweet submission yield
To Love, the rightful queen of earth,
Whose sacred, peaceful, joyful birth,
In Eden's fair and happy state,
Caused all the stars to celebrate,
And all the sons of God to shout
Their acclamations round about.
As far as Love's dominion goes,
Peace like a gentle river flows,
And joys transporting fill the soul,
Because of her benign control;
For when this queen is on her throne,
All strife and envy are unknown.
Within my heart she sits as queen
With dignified and graceful mien,
And I do feel the blissful thrill

THE GUIDING HAND.

Of her benign and sov'reign will.
She bids me Ruth at once to woo,
And at the Court of Hymen sue
For full possession of her heart,
And this important courtship start.
But how shall I begin this case?
By letter? friend? or face to face?
'By letter,' says a voice within,
'Is just the way you should begin.'
A letter, then, I'll quickly send,
And my regards to her extend,
And thus relieve my mind of doubt
So I can either mourn or shout.
If she accepts my proffered love,
My joy will rise to realms above,
But if she can't my love return,
My heart with grief will always burn."

Ruth:—

"Somehow," mused Ruth, "I can't refrain
From thinking of that noble swain
With whom I met some days ago,
And whom I hope to better know.
If I were only loved by him,
My eyes in tears of joy would swim.
My heart would beat with pure delight,
And I could soundly sleep at night.
I never loved as I do now,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And never shall again, I vow.
Sylvanus is my only choice;
And with his love I could rejoice
In any circumstance of life,
If I could only be his wife.
His manly form and pleasant face,
His winsome ways and gentle grace,
His knowledge and his Christian zeal,
Do like celestial magic steel
Through ev'ry recess of my heart
With richest blessings to impart.
On that glad day he talked with me,
I thought that I could plainly see
The love-light glowing in his eyes
With no deception or disguise;
But now I fear 'twas my mistake;
And this fear makes my heart to ache.
If I was not mistaken, though,
He'll find a way to let me know."

When through with her soliloquy,
A feeling of tranquility
Took full possession of her soul,
And gave her splendid self-control.
She felt that all was wisely planned,
And that the unseen Guiding Hand
Was shaping circumstances right
To bring the unknown soon to light.

THE GUIDING HAND.

While thus she sat demurely mute,
The mail clerk on his rural route,
Drove up somewhat unorthodox,
And put some mail into the box.
Ruth heard the horse's nimble feet,
Which fell upon the road like sleet;
Also the rumbling buggy wheels
That followed close upon his heels;
And saw the mail clerk leave the mail,
And quickly move along his trail.
A voice within was heard to say:
"There is good news for you to-day."
With eager steps and flying feet,
She soon was in the country street
And standing by the letter box,
With hope as firm as solid rocks.
Among the fam'ly mail she found
A letter which made joy abound.
Returning quickly to her room
That seemed with gladness all abloom,
And with a sweetly blushing face,
Which stole the roses from the vase,
She read the letter with great haste,
And found it blissful to her taste.
With throbbing heart she then began
And read it slowly o'er again;
And as she folded up the sheet,
She said: "My joy is now complete.

THE GUIDING HAND.

How glad I feel ! yet strange, indeed !
My feelings and my thoughts exceed
The power of my tongue to tell
The joy that doth my bosom swell.
Yes, he has touched the living key
Of interchanging harmony,
And I will answer him to-night,
And fill his heart with sweet delight.”

That night, Sylvanus, so depressed
That he could neither sleep nor rest,
Began to thus soliloquize
With troubled heart and wakeful eyes:—

“My mind to-night is much annoyed
By doubts that I cannot avoid;
For love, when kept in dread suspense,
Almost distracts a person’s sense.
What if my love should be in vain,
And she should treat it with disdain?
Or if, perchance, some other youth
Has won the loving heart of Ruth?
Oh, how these thoughts perplex my mind,
And how the eyes of hope they blind!
The gleams of moonlight gently fall
Like silver sheen upon the wall.
The gentle zephyr sweetly sings,
And with her fragrant-laden wings

THE GUIDING HAND.

Attempts to drive away the gloom
Of dismal shadows from my room;
But yet to me no comfort comes,
For hostile Doubts all beat their drums,
And shout with such sonorous tones
That I cannot suppress my groans.
O gentle zephyr, 'tis in vain
For you to try to ease my pain,
Or to relieve me of the blues,
Unless from Ruth you bring good news.
Oh, could I hear from her to-night,
And did our hearts in love unite,
My joys would beat a double-quick,
And with increasing gladness tick
This long and gloomy night away,
And muster in the welcome day!
But news so soon I can't expect,
And so must wait awhile perplexed.
I thought, on Independence Day,
'That I could see affection's ray
Shine forth from her entrancing eyes,
Which glowed like summer's lovely skies,
And felt at that time satisfied
That love to love had well replied;
But somehow, since that happy time,
My heart has lost that joyful rhyme,
And will not find it, I am sure,
Till Ruth accepts my overture.

THE GUIDING HAND.

True love's a passion of the soul
That mortal man cannot control.
E'en Sampson with his mighty arm
Could not resist her Siren charm.
She sits upon her golden throne,
And all around are trophies strewn,
Which her delightful charms have won
From ev'ry land beneath the sun;
Or presents that she has received,
And victories by her achieved.
She conquers, not by force of arms,
But by her own inherent charms.
All nations worship at her shrine,
And kings to her their thrones resign.
The rich, the poor, the wise and great,
As willing courtiers on her wait.
She is a benefactress kind
To rich and poor and sick and blind.
She has her banners all unfurled
To banish hatred from the world.
True love is nature's balance wheel,
The fountain of domestic weal,
The sure preventive of divorce,
The source of social intercourse,
The bond of peace and harmony
And friendly reciprocity."

'Twas thus he mused away the hours
Until the radiating show'rs

THE GUIDING HAND.

Of morning's dawn had drowned the night,
And filled the world with welcomed light;
But yet his troubles were not drowned
Until the next day rolled around,
When Ruth's expected letter came,
And set his heart with joy aflame.
With trembling hands and dizzy head,
He opened it and quickly read
The message that dispelled his gloom,
Drove all the shadows from his room,
And sent his doubts in great dismay
And wild disorder all away.
The mental clouds, so dark and weird,
Before his vision disappeared,
And he, with wonder and surprise,
As if he had received new eyes,
Exclaimed with joy: "The scene has changed,
Or else my vision is deranged.
The sky has changed its lurid hue
For its delightful native blue,
Which for awhile it seemed to lose
While I was waiting for this news.
The verdant landscapes look serene,
And so does all the wondrous scene
That greets my eyes from all around,
And brings to me these joys profound.
The fiends that on me fiercely frowned,
Are in the Styg'an River drowned,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And angels now around me sing,
And I'm as happy as a king."

* * * * *

The courtship suit was soon begun,
And like the blazing morning sun
Rejoicing to begin his race
Through regions of celestial space,
And feeling sure that he will win,
And take the prize with pleasure in,
So young Sylvanus with a zeal
That only those in love can feel,
Pressed hard his suit at Hymen's court
Where he was held in good report.
The suit went on in proper style,
While days and weeks in single file
Brought round to them in golden cup,
From which they both as one did sup,
The pleasures of a courtship life
That never knew a bit of strife.
Together they were often found,
Which pleased the country all around.

SECTION IX.

*Sylvanus and Ruth Choose Teaching
in the Public Schools as their
Profession.*

Positions came to them unsought,
And some of which they had not thought,
But they concluded to accept

THE GUIDING HAND.

The work for which they seemed adept—
Positions in the Public Schools
Where Pedagogic Wisdom rules.
Sylvanus, in the bloom of youth,
Took highest place in Abalooth,
And Ruth, with skill that could not fail,
Took highest place in Pleasant Vale.

Auspiciously their schools begun;
Successfully they both were run;
And as the weeks and months passed by,
The waves of worthy praise rose high,
And still continued to ascend,
As they pursued their noble trend.
Of course a few with evil eyes
Would sometimes try to criticise,
But like the meteoric stones
That come within the planets' zones,
They flashed a moment, then went out,
Confused, ashamed and put to rout.

In all the country's civic life,
To aid the right and put down strife,
They used their talents with a will
That caused the hearts of all to thrill
With admiration and delight,
As they advanced the cause of right.

In church, they also took their place,
And ran with zeal the Christian Race.

THE GUIDING HAND.

With all its work identified,
And with its membership allied,
They soon became a mighty force
In helping on its forward course.
Such teachers never lose their hold
Upon the young nor on the old,
But grow in favor through the years
As they assume the peoples cares.

They both were always in demand
In all things that the people planned
To help advance the youthful state,
And make it one among the great.
Then let us follow them awhile,
And see how varied was their style
In aiding ev'ry enterprise
That would their country aggrandize.

At a Teacher's Meeting.

In Pleasant Vale, ere long, was held
A Teacher's Meeting, unexcelled
In pedagogic lore profound,
In all adjacent districts round.
Sylvanus took a leading part,
And Ruth took hold with all her heart
To entertain the youthful throng,
And help the programme move along.
Sylvanus, in the best of mood,

THE GUIDING HAND.

As he had always done, made good.
The subject he discussed so well,
We now in brief will try to tell.

“ETHICS IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.”

“While mental training has the primal place
In all the great curriculums of schools,
Yet moral culture must be emphasized,
As well, since knowledge by itself, alone,
Is destitute of moral character,
And hence, like steam when uncontrolled by man,
Would soon derail the engine and the train,
And lose its force within the atmosphere;
But knowledge by a moral culture backed,
Will always keep the train upon the track,
And thus perform a service for the world,
The benefits of which cannot be told.
So while the training of the intellect
In point of time comes first, the moral man
Must take precedence in the race of life,
If we would serve our fellow-man aright.

A Perverted Moral Nature.

“The moral nature also is depraved,
And hence is most inclined to choose the wrong,
Instead of right; and as the bush is bent
The tree is sure to grow unless we train

THE GUIDING HAND.

It with a skillful hand another way.
To this important work the teacher must
Devote some time, and supplement the work
Of anxious parents and of church and state.
If we should train the body by itself,
Alone, we then should have a stalwart frame,
Perhaps, and rounded out symmetric form,
Within which there would dwell a mental dwarf
Possessed with brutish instinct to devour,
Destroy, and overrun the world with woe.

If we should train the body and the mind,
And leave the fallen nature unrestrained,
Then we should have an educated fiend—
A human devil highly qualified
To do more mischief than he could before.
But, if along with body and with mind,
We train the moral nature of the child,
We then shall have a splendid type of man
Or upright woman, as the case may be.

The Obstinacy of Heredity.

“The greatest difficulty that we meet
With in the pupil’s moral training, is
Heredity—the sure transmission of
Parental traits to all the children born.
This law is fundamental in our world.
Without it, it would be a world of chance.

THE GUIDING HAND.

We would not know on what we could depend.
The law of cause and of effect would be
Uncertain, unavailing and deranged.
The a priori order of the world
Requires succession of phenomena.
The fall of man did not destroy this law,
Else nature's order would have been destroyed,
And universal chaos would prevail
Among the races and the species of
The world so they could not be classified.
Therefore the law must still hold good in man
And take his nature as it now exists,
And pass it down the great ancestral line
Until the present order comes to end.
The river that is poison at its source
Must send its poison down along its course,
Unless a mighty antidote is found
To overcome or counteract its trend.
While urging that Omnific Antidote
Is rightly left to preachers, yet, there is
Connected with it lawful means that we
May use and which we all should utilize.
These means are moral precepts found within
The Holy Bible. That great Book should have
A proper place in all our public schools.
We need not introduce disputed points
On which denominations differ much,
But we can use the great important truths
Which bear upon the conduct of the child.

THE GUIDING HAND.

These truths will counteract the evil trend
Of youthful life, exalt it and transform
It into better types of human kind.

Thus far, we teachers may, and ought to go;
And if we go this far, we then shall start
The moral trend which may go on apace
Until the mighty Antidote is found
That purifies the heart or fount of life
So that the streams of conduct flowing from
It may, and will, be like the Fountain-head.
In this way we can help the home and church
Without disturbing their peculiar creeds.

Aside from moral precepts, we can find
Within this sacred Book the very best
Of literary compositions, too,
Which will delight and elevate the mind
As nothing else in all the world can do;
For here we find the most exalted truths
That finite minds can find to grapple with.
Infinity comes plainly into view;
And since it is a fundamental law
That finite minds tend tow'rd the magnitude
Of that which they adore and contemplate,
It follows, then, that those who thus reflect
Upon the great, sublime, and wondrous truths
Set forth in this divine and matchless Book,
Will not, alone, improve their moral tone,

THE GUIDING HAND.

But will also enlarge their intellects
As long as they continue thus to do,
Through time, and even through eternity.

The Time Element.

“We have the pupils under our control
Almost one half their wakeful hours from six
To nine months of the year, and this fact seems
To me a cogent reason why we ought
To take some special pains to supplement
The moral training of the home and church.
Of course we must not try to take the place
Of home or church in this important work,
But only supplement the work they do,
Lest it, through us, may fail or suffer loss.
If we neglect to carry forward this
Important training of the home and church,
Our dereliction may, perchance, result
In moral damage to their boys and girls,
As it is certain that the downward pull
Must be resisted by an upward lift
Much stronger than the downward pull, if we
Would help them reach the highest goal of life.

The Neglect of Home Training.

“The other cares and duties of the home
Must also be considered in this work,

THE GUIDING HAND.

As parents have much other work to do
Besides the moral training of their young,
While others, doubtless, are not qualified
To train their children in the better way.

Then others have no real concern at all
About their children's moral life; and some,
It seems, would rather teach them wrong than
right.

Like Topsy, many children only grow
Like tender plants in famished soil without
Attention, and without the least of help
From those who gave them being in the world.

And then, the church can only spend an hour
Or two with them but once or twice a week,
While many others are deprived of this
Important privilege by parents who
Are too depraved, or else perhaps, too poor
To dress them as they think they ought to be.

In view of these authenticated facts,
Our moral duties stand out clear as day.
If we neglect these duties, we shall fail
To do our part in shaping tender lives
Committed to our care for thirty of
The choicest hours of ev'ry week, and six
To nine of all the best months of the year.

THE GUIDING HAND.

If we are worthy and well qualified
To teach by precept and example, both,
The finished products of our public schools
Are sure to be important factors in
The world to make it what it ought to be.
While there would be exceptions, now and then,
Yet this, we may be sure, will be the rule.
We may expect some cheat among the wheat,
Some nubbins in the choicest fields of corn,
Some smutted ears upon the finest stocks,
Some rotten apples on the best of trees
And some distressing failures in our schools.

The Highest Basis of the Moral Life.

“The highest basis of the moral life
Is found in Christianity, alone.
Right here is where the heathen sages failed
In all their social codes. Their ethics could
Not change the moral nature of their hearts
Or moral dispositions of their minds,
And hence they all concluded that it would
Be necessary for the gods to send
A superhuman teacher to the world,
Who could command the moral sense of right,
And teach them how they could obtain the prize
Of noblest manhood and true happiness.
The great Divine Instructor came, at last,
And pointed out the way of truth and life;

THE GUIDING HAND.

And all who walk according to His laws
Will reach the happy goal some future day.
Thus Christianity, alone, can meet
The deeper and the higher wants of man.
So while I would not try to preach to you,
Yet I'm constrained to emphasize this fact
Because I know it is sublimely true.
If it is true, as doubtless you believe,
Then my conclusions rest upon the rock,
And will withstand the fiercest criticisms.
Nay more, if my positions all are true,
It follows, then, that ev'ry teacher ought
To be a Christian of the highest type
In order to instruct immortal minds,
And fit them for the highest service here,
And for the glory of the world to come."

While most of all the teachers there
Enjoyed this moral bill of fare,
Yet some of them expressed dissent
To its robust religious bent.

* * * * *

At length Ruth Caldwell took her place,
And, with a bright and shining face,
Began with deep and earnest tone,
And with an art and style her own,
To magnify the teacher's work
When he does not attempt to shirk.

THE GUIDING HAND.

"THE HONOR OF THE TEACHER'S CALLING."

"When pirates seized the quaint Diogenes,
And flung his freedom to the passing breeze,
And were about to sell him as a slave,
The cynic sage of Greece, with manners grave,
Declared: 'I know no kind of trade, except
To govern men: in this I am adept;
And so I make request that I be sold
To one who wants a master, wise and bold.'
With this peculiar diplomatic stroke,
In which there was no sign of jest or joke,
Xeniades was pleased and so impressed
That he desired of him to be possessed;
And so he bought him for his own household,
And paid for him a handsome sum of gold.
Thus he was highly honored, though a slave,
And took his place among the wise and brave.

Those, who for mental work are qualified,
Should not with other work be occupied.
If it's below their known capacity,
No matter how important it may be,
They will be discontented with their sphere,
And seem to fellow-workmen strange and queer.
Thus was it with the quaint Diogenes
When he was purchased by Xeniades.

THE GUIDING HAND.

His sense of dignity at once rebelled
Against the thought of being thus compelled
To serve his master like a common slave,
And thus be buried in a social grave.
'Shall I,' he doubtless said, 'a sage of Greece,
Allow these beastly pirates thus to fleece
Me of the honors I have fairly won,
And make me do the work that great men shun?
Not if I can their sordid plans defeat,
And cause their lower natures to retreat
So that their higher selves can take command,
And show a more humane and tender hand.'

'Twas this high sense of honor which he showed
That saved him from the lowest servile code,
And won his coming master's sov'reign grace,
And gave him such a high and noble place.
The honor of his calling was so great
That glory shone around his lowly state.

There is an honest and a lawful pride
That makes a person truly dignified,
And gives to him a proper self-respect,
Which no respected person should neglect.
Of course, all honest callings are divine,
And with their own peculiar honors shine,
Yet some, like stars of larger magnitude,
Are with a greater brilliancy endued.
So while I would not in the least reflect

THE GUIDING HAND.

On any calling that commands respect,
Yet, teaching in the public schools, I think,
Where young and thirsty minds begin to drink
From primal fountains in the realm of truth,
And so continue through their early youth,
Is one among the highest callings known,
And occupies a most distinguished throne.

The work of molding youthful minds aright,
And leading them to larger realms of light,
Has so much bearing on the years to come,
Both of the state and also of the home,
That we cannot its honors all relate,
Nor tell its blessings in the aggregate.
The early culture of the growing tree
Is most important to its destiny.
If it has been neglected in the bush,
There's no amount of energy or push
Can overcome the teacher's early sin,
And make the tree just what it would have been
If it had been attended to when young,
When all its fibers were correctly strung.
So if the man was overlooked in youth
When he was searching for the unknown truth,
There's no amount of effort nor of skill
Can fully overcome the former ill,
Or disannul the edicts of the Fates,
And round him out in all his native traits.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Neglect of training at the proper time,
Lest pass the opportunity sublime
To shape the pliant mind within the mold,
From which it will not turn when it is old.

The teacher, then, who trains the bushes right,
Will some day in the stately trees delight,
And hear glad voices from their lofty boughs
Which will her youthful energies arouse,
And add new jewels to her honored crown
That they will bring from high positions down.
At home, in other states, and other lands,
They'll scatter honors with their skillful hands.

So, then, the teacher's influential zone
Extends beyond the bounds where she is known.
The human mind cannot describe its bounds,
Nor tell the value of its goodly grounds.
Her pedagogic waves, beginning here,
Will grandly roll along from year to year
Until they strike against the golden shore,
And into heaven all their treasures pour;
And even, then, as ages roll along,
They will flow on in everlasting song.

Then fellow-teachers, hold your heads erect,
And be in all your conduct circumspect,
As your most worthy calling is replete
With honors never to become effete,

THE GUIDING HAND.

But will for ever cumulative be
Throughout the ages of eternity."

The pleasing thought of this address,
On which she laid such splendid stress
By winsome gestures and with voice,
Made ev'ry teacher's heart rejoice.

The meeting was at length adjourned,
And all with faith and hope returned
To push the work they loved to do
With increased zeal and knowledge, too.
Sylvanus, first, went home with Ruth,
And then from there to Abalooth,
When he had spent a day with her,
To which they often would refer
With pleasure in the years to come
When settled in their happy home.

SECTION X.

The Engagement.

The moments now become intense,
And fragrant with true love's incense.
Emotions, like the hurricanes
That sweep across the western plains,
Pass through the landscapes of their souls,
And circle round affection's poles.
The strips of timber, here and there,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Bend low before the rushing air;
But when the storm has spent its force,
They rise again along its course,
And with increasing vigor grow,
While all the streams their banks o'erflow.

When this great psychologic storm
Began to caper and perform,
Sylvanus sat with charming Ruth
Beneath a lovely summer booth,
Where children met to romp and play,
And pass the summer months away.
Within it was a small settee
Just large enough for two or three.
The booth was in Ruth's father's lawn,
And to it they had both been drawn.
Some splendid shade-trees stood around,
But did not shade the entire ground.

Beneath this children's habitat,
The storm-swept couple swaying sat.
'Twas on a bright November day,
When Indian Summer's grand display
Was introducing autumn's style,
And making nature blandly smile
Like sunlight does the ev'ning sky
When daylight is about to die.
The trees were giving up their fruits,
And changing green for yellow suits,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Though some were slow to make the change,
Which made them look a little strange;
But yet this strangeness did not pall,
But gave more beauty to the fall
By way of contrast that was grand,
And showed the artist's skillful hand.

The day was charming and sublime—
Almost as warm as summer time.
It was on Sunday afternoon
When Love sent forth her great typhoon
To bring them to the crucial point,
So she could both their souls anoint
With balmy and with fragrant oil
To sweeten all their future toil.
The Guiding Hand was moving fast,
And their good angels had, at last,
Succeeded in their well-laid plans
To bring them to the border-lands
Of Matrimony's glad domain,
Where one is strangely made of twain.
On either side the angels stood,
And pressed the matter as they could.
With strange maneuvers they performed,
And all their forts severely stormed
Until Procrastination fell,
And Fear had heard his own death-knell,
Bowed down his erstwhile lofty head
And soon was numbered with the dead.

THE GUIDING HAND.

While Love's decisive storm, as yet,
Was in the distance weaving jet
Into her growing thunder-cloud,
From which she soon would speak aloud,
This happy couple gladly talked
Of many scenes through which they walked
In childhood and in college days,
And were with life and joy ablaze.
While talking of the former times,
They often broke forth into rhymes;
And as they talked, the nearer drew
The love-storm that would soon renew
Sylvanus' courage for the task
The hand of Ruth to boldly ask.
As yet, his courage always failed,
Which he within his heart bewailed.
He struggled hard with needless fear,
But could not drive it to the rear.
While this conflict was going on,
And he was thinking pro and con
Concerning that important hour,
Love's tempest came with mighty pow'r,
And he was driven by its force
To break forth in a love-discourse.

Sylvanus:—

“Dear Ruth, ere long I must depart;
But there is something in my heart

THE GUIDING HAND.

That I must say before I go;
And what it is, you doubtless know.
Somehow, when I first heard of you,
A sweet emotion thrilled me through,
And with you I was so impressed
That I could scarcely sleep or rest;
And when I met you face to face,
My heart besought the 'Throne of Grace'
For guidance and for help divine
That I might some day call you mine.
And now, a full acquaintanceship,
Has strengthened your delightful grip
Upon my glad and willing heart,
So that when we are miles apart,
I always feel the happy thrill
Of your strong hand upon my will.
I love you with undying love,
Which I am sure comes from above;
For I believe the Guiding Hand
Has both our lives together planned.
I think I can quite plainly see
That you are my affinity.
I feel that I could live with you
The everlasting ages through,
And from unfailing fountains dip
The joys of true companionship.
And now, if you feel thus tow'rd me,
Please take my hand and let me see

THE GUIDING HAND.

The answer in those lovely eyes
From which true inspiration flies,
And let me feel it in the touch
That always strengthens me so much;
But, over and above it all,
Please let your verbal answer fall
Like perfumed rain from those sweet lips,
From which my heart true pleasure sips."

While this discourse was going on,
Ruth, o'er its words, did wisely con.
Her love for him was always strong,
But when Love's tempest came along,
It fanned it into greater flame,
And caused her to express the same.
She sat with eyes upon the ground
As he the question did propound,
And when, at last, he finished it,
She still continued thus to sit
A moment lost in solemn thought,
While he with anxious feelings fought.
Like twilight on a summer morn
When some glad day is being born,
Her answer soon began to dawn
And radiate the lovely lawn.
She lifted up her moistened eyes
Just like the summer-morning skies
When seen through dewy atmosphere

THE GUIDING HAND.

As Sol is ready to appear,
And turned them tow'rd Sylvanus' face
With such a sweet benignant grace
That drove away his facial shade,
And filled with light his mental glade.
She took his warm extended hand,
And with a voice serenely bland,
She answered him with thrilling words
Which far out sang the happy birds.

Ruth:—

“I thought that you would say this soon,
And that this lovely afternoon
Would be the epoch-making time
When both our hearts would speak in rhyme
Upon this most important theme
That doth with vital issues teem.
I felt that day when first we met,
The joys of which I'll ne'er forget,
That Mutu'l Love, with golden crown,
Had from her happy realms come down
To lead us up to her domain,
There to enjoy her blessed reign.
I made no effort or attempt
From her control to be exempt.
A willing captive I became,
And always shall remain the same.
The freedom that most pleases me

THE GUIDING HAND.

Is her benignant sov'reignty.
There is no freedom half so sweet,
And none that can at all compete
With that which she so freely gives,
Since with her Freedom always lives.

You may for ever call me thine,
If I may always call you mine;
And then together we shall walk,
And of our glad fruition talk
Throughout this earthly term of life,
As husband true and faithful wife;
And then, if in our future state,
Where all the good shall congregate,
This glad relationship shall be
Continued through eternity
In some way suited to that sphere,
Though much unlike it is down here,
I'm sure companionship with you
Will be my joy the ages through."

Sylvanus:—

"Your answer has my being thrilled,
And all my soul with rapture filled.
I am so overwhelmed with joy
That all the words I can employ
Seem feeble and inadequate
To half express my happy state.

THE GUIDING HAND.

My mind is like the smiling sky
Where joyful seraphs ever fly,
And where the waves of ether roll
In grandeur o'er the opened scroll.
There comes to me a higher zone,
Which was to me before unknown.
The sun shines brighter than before,
The world with beauty seems galore,
Your heart gives up its choicest ore
And I'm enriched for evermore.
With us, 'Deep calleth unto deep,'
As waves of love so grandly sweep
From shore to shore or soul to soul,
And girdle us from pole to pole.
While I felt sure that all was well,
And that you could from actions tell
That I was yours without a doubt,
And that Love's arms were round about
Us like the suns magnetic cords
Which girdle all its distant wards,
And hold them with unfailing grip,
From which not one can ever slip,
Yet, somehow, in this world of ours,
Unwedded love, with all its pow'rs,
Feels more or less solicitude
Until its faith and hope include
Engagement's promissory note,
Its latent forces to promote;

THE GUIDING HAND.

And even then the fear of death
Makes lovers sometimes short of breath,
While others, still, with doubts contend,
And so cannot with faith depend
Upon each other to be true
The necessary courtship through;
But this is not the case with us,
As I shall now with joy discuss.

The mighty God who made the worlds,
Each one of which forever whirls
Within the orbit planned for it,
And by its sun is warmed and lit,
Arranged them into social groups
Connected by true kindred loops.
So in the world of human kind,
God has His plans all well-defined.
The social groups, both large and small,
In their respective orbits fall.
The likes will each the other seek,
As they do all one language speak.
This fact obtains in ev'ry realm,
No matter what is at the helm—
If it is either right or wrong—
All find the place where they belong.
In commerce and in politics,
The likes all find a way to mix.
In trades, professions and in creeds,

THE GUIDING HAND.

They all unite to meet their needs.
The social circles, good or bad,
The happy people or the sad
Unite according to their choice
To either mourn or to rejoice.
The optimist and pessimist,
The solemn man and humorist—
Each finds his proper orbit soon
Just like a planet or a moon.
And thus it is the whole world round,
As thoughtful people all have found.
So in the blessed marriage state
The likes are bound to congregate.
But as mistakes are sometimes made
In any calling or a trade,
So they are sometimes made in this,
And truest likes each other miss.
But since the large majority,
As any one can plainly see,
Do find their proper place and sphere,
So I believe it holds good here.
By counting all the homes you know,
I think you soon will find it so.
The blunders foolish people make,
This settled rule can never break.
And these mistakes would not be made,
If those within each social grade
Would follow all the rules laid down

THE GUIDING HAND.

For those who seek the marriage crown.
The way for some is made so plain
That they with ease the crown obtain,
While others are compelled to wait
Along time for the proper mate;
But if they hold out long enough,
Though all their way be very rough,
They'll be rewarded by and by
By Him who rules the earth and sky;
And if there are no mates for some,
To them some other good will come.

While we, at times, have felt some doubt,
The Troubler soon was put to rout.
The way for us is now so clear
That we have only Death to fear.
And now that we have spoken out,
My own glad heart doth sing and shout
The praises of the Guiding Hand
That hath our lives so plainly planned,
And given me a jewel bright
That doth outshine our solar light.
In your effulgence I shall walk,
And of your virtues proudly talk
Until relentless death shall come,
And send us to our future home;
And then, in some way now unknown,
When we appear before God's throne,

THE GUIDING HAND.

I think that He has so arranged
That we shall never be estranged,
But that we shall forever love
According to the laws above."

Ruth:—

"To hear such words from one so good,
Makes me feel proud of womanhood;
For when it thus on manhood plays,
And calls forth such a heart-felt praise,
It makes a woman raise her head,
And on the highest summits tread.
This subject I would not discuss,
If some one else had spoken thus,
But since these praises come from you,
They do my deepest self imbue
With honest, though yet humble pride,
That will, I'm sure, with me abide
As long as Recollection lives,
And from her hand this treasure gives.
I'm glad also, as well as proud,
That I have driven back the cloud
Which for a moment crossed your mind
When I fell just a bit behind
In my response to your appeal,
And caused you thus to sadly feel.
Your words so overpowered me,
I could not for a moment see

THE GUIDING HAND.

Just how to frame my answer right
So it would thrill you with delight.
With you I heartily agree
That we cannot mistaken be,
As I have prayed about it much,
And felt the strong, impelling touch
Of that unerring Guiding Hand
That all the universe hath planned.
I do delight to hear you talk,
And by your side to proudly walk;
And if I can inspire your life
By being your devoted wife,
I'll gladly don the queenly gown,
And wear the brightest earthly crown."

Sylvanus:—

"I would delight to kiss the lips
From which such fragrant comfort drips,
And in this manner, here and now,
Seal this delightful marriage vow."

Ruth:—

"You may do so if you desire,
And if it will your heart inspire
With courage for your daily toil
In cultivating mental soil."

THE GUIDING HAND.

Three kisses, then, were quickly giv'n,
Which caused the bells to ring in heav'n;
And while they thus so sweetly rang,
Their guard'an angels loudly sang,
And thus expressed their great delight
Vouchsafed to them by that glad sight.

The Angels' Song.

"All glory to the Guiding Hand
Which hath such wisdom shown,
And filled this grand and goodly land
With purest love's ozone!

"True love is joyful any where,
And it will never fail
To scatter blessings here and there,
Along its blissful trail.

"It fills our own abode with peace,
Which like a river flows,
And joys that evermore increase
Free from all kinds of woes.

"Love makes the sun with splendor shine,
And stars with beauty glow;
And those who worship at her shrine,
Shall all her secrets know.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“Within this world of sin and strife,
Love gives her subjects joy,
And blesses both the man and wife,
Who all her means employ.

“When she at last shall have full sway,
And reign the world around,
True happiness will come to stay,
And more and more abound.

“This couple who are now engaged,
Are under her control;
Their joys shall never be assuaged
While endless ages roll.

“The time we set for them to meet
And plight their mutu’l love,
Has come with fragrant odors sweet,
Distilled from realms above.

“The stage of life they now have reached,
We both have longed to see;
And we have oft about it preached
With hopeful ecstasy.

“And now that it has come, at last,
With such a smiling face,
The streams of joy are flowing fast
From upper founts of grace.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“The final stage is guaranteed
By this sublime event,
And it shall come from flow’ry mead
With gladness redolent.

“O blessed day, thy joys are great,
And greater yet shall be,
When we with them shall celebrate
The nuptial victory.”

A Delightful Dream.

The couple, after they had kissed,
Were shrouded with a psychic mist,
And sat awhile and sweetly dreamed,
As shortly afterwards, it seemed,
That they had heard some unknown chimes,
And unknown songs from other climes.
The dreamy mist soon passed away,
And both their minds were clear as day.
Sylvanus, first, the silence broke,
And of the far-off music spoke.

Sylvanus:—

“While sitting here absorbed in thought,
There seemed to come to me unsought,
The sound of music from afar
Without a discord or a jar.

THE GUIDING HAND.

It doubtless came from other realms,
But sounded here among these elms,
And then in wavelets seemd to roll
Through all the regions of my soul.
I know I'm not an Occultist,
Nor am I a Theosophist.
With Mystics I could never train,
Nor Necromancy entertain.
Communication with the dead
Is a delusion of the head.
The whole weird band of Occult Arts,
I do reject in whole or parts;
And if some facts with them are found,
They must belong on other ground.
So those subjective sounds I heard,
And which to me became endeared,
Have no connection with those cults,
Nor with their strange and weird tumults;
But on the other hand, they came
From where they have a higher aim—
From that sublime angelic sphere,
Which lies so far and yet so near
To those who fellowship with it,
And near its borders raptly sit.
I've heard it many times before,
When I've been sitting in the door
Of holy meditative thought,
Beholding what our God hath wrought."

THE GUIDING HAND.

Ruth:—

“I heard the same delightful strains
From realms where perfect music reigns,
And I have often heard the same
When all my soul has been aflame
With love divine and holy zeal—
Always replete with heav’nly weal.
I hate the ‘Black Arts,’ as they’re called,
And think that they should be blackballed;
But with the angels I can sip
The joys of psychic fellowship;
For God has sent them to this world
To keep His banners all unfurled.
They have a righteous mission here,
And work within a holy sphere.
As they are here to do no harm,
Their presence does not cause alarm—
At least to those who do the right,
And walk as children of the light;
But we should keep away from coasts
Where dwell the evil occult ghosts,
Or where ‘familiar spirits’ dwell,
As they are messengers from hell.
Their mission here is to deceive,
And willing minds to make believe
That they are their departed friends,
As their dark-lantern-cult contends;
But angels of the holy kind,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Whose noble missions are defined
So plainly in the Book of books,
Are not allied with Satan's spooks,
But come as messengers of God,
And, with their gentle shepherd's rod,
Lead forth the sheep with int'rest keen
To waters still and pastures green.
They come, like those to Abram's tent,
As messengers of justice sent,
Or, like the ones in Jacob's dream,
Who brought him heaven's golden gleam
To comfort his despondent heart,
And in his life-work take a part.
They come to strengthen weary men,
Like that one to Elijah when
From Ahab he was made to flee,
And came and sat beneath the tree
That stood within a country dry,
And prayed to God that he might die.
They come, like those to Daniel, too,
To help him with his trials through,
Or, like the mighty one who came
To bring to earth the Savior's name,
And also like those on the Mount,
Of which the Gospels give account.
They come with shining garments on,
Like those who came to lonely John
In great Apocalyptic scenes

THE GUIDING HAND.

Thrown plainly on his psychic screens.
As Guard'an angels, too, they come,
To guide us to our heav'nly home.
I think the joyful sounds we heard,
And which so far away appeared,
And yet within our souls echoed,
Came from the angel's blest abode,
Or from our guard'an angels sent
To ratify this glad event.
I feel their holy presence now,
And to them my glad soul doth bow."

Sylvanus:—

"You're right in all that you have said
About the living and the dead,
And also our relationship
To those beyond this narrow strip
Of time that lies along between
The unseen universe and seen.
But now, while I would love to stay,
And with you while more hours away,
Yet yonder sinking sun proclaims,
By its grand occidental flames,
That I must leave my darling Ruth,
And start at once for Abalooth;
But I will often come to you,
And our delightful talks renew.
The time when you shall be my bride,

THE GUIDING HAND.

We will some future day decide.
Of course we will not be in haste,
Nor will we let time go to waste.
So farewell, for the present time,
And farewell to this place sublime.
A little while, a little while—
It gives to me a happy smile—
A little while, and I'll return,
As my fond heart will for you yearn;
A little while, and you'll be mine,
And I will be completely thine.
If it should be a year or two,
The days and months will seem but few.
A little while, shall be my song,
As time doth swiftly move along."

SECTION XI.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS WORK.

Sylvanus, having been asked to recite an original poem at a social gathering, chose as his subject, "The Great Western Kansas Blizzard," of January 6th and 7th, 1886, of which he had heard so much from an eye witness.

The Western Kansas Blizzard.

"Oh, that cold and dreadful blizzard
That once swept the Kansas-land,

THE GUIDING HAND.

As if ev'ry northern wizard
Had its sure destruction planned!
On they came in loud procession
With their snowy avalanche,
To demand a full possession
Of the western cattle-ranch.

"It was on a pleasant ev'ning
Of a January day,
When the stock-men, all believing,
That the starry night's display
Was a precious boon of pleasure
To the cowboys of the west,
Who were feeling much at leisure
When they laid them down to rest.

"Soon the storm began to gather
In the northern hemisphere,
And the sudden change of weather
Made the people quake with fear;
In a little while the rattle
Of the sleet against the door,
Proved the north had opened battle
On the sunny Kansas shore.

"Now the wizards all are whooping—
Dancing, yelling all around—
And with shovels they are scooping

THE GUIDING HAND.

All the snow from off the ground;
Working thus in bold collusion
With the wind's tremendous force,
Woes are scattered in profusion
All along their gloomy course.

“In dismay and out of kelter,
Farmers rise their stock to see—
Those who have for them no shelter
But the cloudy canopy;
They behold the swift destruction
Sifted down without restraint,
And their three-years' best production
Growing hour by hour more faint.

“But with firmness and decision,
They are fighting with the storm,
Which is grinning in derision
As it watches them perform;
Soon the scene becomes appalling,
And their hearts almost despair,
As they see their cattle falling
All around them ev'rywhere.

“Freezing cattle seek a shelter
From the blinding snow and sleet,
Stock are running helter-skelter,
Soon their dreadful fate to meet,

THE GUIDING HAND.

While their owners are affrighted
At the driving wind and snow,
And are trying, though excited,
To the needful help bestow.

“Still the storm is growing stronger,
And the stock are growing weak;
Men are wond’ring how much longer
Is this night so cold and bleak;
Long it spreads its consternation
Through the ranches of the West,
Leaving death and desolation
As its only last bequest.

“On and on until the morning—
Through the long remembered-day—
It continued with much scorning
On its bold, destructive way;
The second midnight it subsided,
And its course was fully run,
But it still the West derided
Through the vict’ry it had won.

“Morning came without commotion,
And the gorgeous sun arose,
Looked upon the snowy ocean,
Wept upon its awful woes;
Then the clouds, their strength renewing,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Hid, at times, the weeping sun,
As they passed along reviewing
All the mischief they had done.

“Then with gloomy apprehension
Men were seen upon the plains,
Looking with profound attention
For the trav’ler’s last remains;
All along the public highways,
Then through valleys and ravines,
They explored the nooks and by ways
That might serve for winter screens.

“Soon a cry of lamentation
Rose upon the bracing air,
As they saw the desolation
All around them ev’rywhere;
Swine and cattle thousands numbered,
Men and women near a score
In the silent snow-drifts slumbered,
Conscious of the storm no more.”

*Ruth Caldwell, at a literary
gathering, recites an origi-
nal poem by special request.*

“THE POWER OF WORDS.”

“By far the greatest armies that this world has
ever known,
Are not its soldiers who have won a glory all their
own,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And who deserve the gratitude of all their civil
states
For what they've done to save them, or to fight
against the Fates;
But they are great Vocabularies filled with
human thought,
Which can proclaim the greatest battles that the
world has fought,
As well the greatest victories that ever have been
won
By any military forces underneath the sun.

“When each of these Vocabularies marches out its
words,
They fly in all directions like a thousand flocks of
birds;
And each contains a dagger or an olive-branch of
peace
With which to stir up trouble or demand that
strife shall cease;
Great wars have been averted by these valiant
little lords,
And mighty conflicts have been stopped, as
history records,
While peace again was summoned from her golden
throne above,
And gently bound the hostile nations with her
cords of love.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“Thus words are living forces on the battle-fields
of life,
Enlisted in the struggle for eternal peace or
strife;
They stand for truth or falsehood, as the speakers
may desire,
And make the nations better, or else set them all
on fire;
Like old-time Greek projectiles, they are hurled
against the foe,
Aflame with naphtha, niter and with sulphur, as
they go;
But good words blaze with virtue and for ever
make for peace,
Demanding that the bitter conflicts of this world
shall cease.

“So, then, if words incite to war, and then to
peace again,
And if from bloody struggles they compel us to
abstain,
They are the greatest warriors on the battle-fields
of earth,
Deserving praise and credit for their great in-
trinsic worth;
In words, therefore, we have a mighty force at
our command

THE GUIDING HAND.

To put to flight the barking war-dogs on the sea
and land,
And overcome all other troubles that disturb our
race,
And make this fallen world, at length, a most
delightful place.

“In public speaking—in the pulpit and upon the
stage—
In conversation, singing, and upon the printed
page,
The world’s Vocabularies play a most important
part
In science, ethics, politics, religion and in art;
Then let us learn the splendid art of using words
aright,
And we shall be commanders in the thickest of
the fight—
Commanding our Vocabularies, both in speech
and song,
As well as through the printing-press to over-
throw the wrong.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

*Sylvanus, at a social religious
gathering, recites another orig-
inal poem by request on—*

“THE GARDEN OF EDEN.”

“Behold that Garden of Delight,
Which sang with joy both day and night—
Where man, primeval, walked with God,
And all the paths of wisdom trod!

“God planted it in ancient times,
And filled it with the sweetest chimes
Of nature’s glad and rhythmic voice,
To make the heart of man rejoice.

“Then come with me, and let us go
To man’s lost Eden here below;
And side by side we’ll gladly roam
Through that primeval happy home.

“There four great rivers had their source,
From which they took their winding course
Through all the happy country round
To water all the goodly ground.

“There trees, esthetic natures thrilled
With gladness from their leaves distilled,

THE GUIDING HAND.

While singing birds from lofty boughs,
Seemed man's well-being to espouse.

"There orchards with the choicest fruit—
The eye to please and taste to suit—
In grandeur waved their fruitful limbs,
As zephyrs sang their joyful hymns.

"There grew the stately Tree of Life,
Well guarded from all sin and strife,
Whose fruit would human life prolong,
And always keep man well and strong.

"Within the garden also stood
The Tree of Evil and the Good;
And its forbidden fruit maintained
Man's freedom that was being trained.

"There flowers in perpetu'l bloom,
Gave to the air a sweet perfume,
And filled man's heart with pure delight,
As he beheld the pleasant sight.

"Imagination now grows faint,
As she with joy attempts to paint
The beauty of that ancient Site—
The happy Garden of Delight.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“She closes both her sparkling eyes,
And with enraptured heart she cries:
‘Blest Garden, thou dost far excel
What all the Muses nine could tell!

“There Adam and his lovely spouse,
Abode in nature’s dwelling-house;
And God would oftentimes draw near,
And they would meet Him without fear.

“At length, from their exalted state,
They fell, but not by force or fate,
But by their own free will they chose
The fruit containing all our woes.

“Then God came down with glory bright,
And from the Garden of Delight,
Excluded them with guilt and shame
To vindicate His holy Name.

“With aching hearts and weeping eyes,
They left that happy Paradise
To reap the fruit of evil deeds,
And labor to supply their needs.

“Outside the garden they sat down
Beneath insulted nature’s frown,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And loudly wept the blessed state
Inside the closed and guarded gate.

“But God had promised that the seed
Of Eve should meet their moral need,
And open wide the pearly gate
Of entrance to a higher state.

“This Seed was Christ, the Son of God,
Who was to wield the shepherd’s rod,
And lead the fallen human race
Up to the new appointed place.

“So now on wings of faith we rise,
And soar beyond the starry skies
To where our spirits soon shall flee,
And bask in pure felicity.

“The other garden was the type,
And this the perfect anti-type,
Excelling man’s primeval state
Far more than we can calculate.

“This is our future Paradise,
To which we turn our wistful eyes,
And gaze upon the lovely sight,
Of that great Garden of Delight.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

*Ruth Caldwell sings an
original song at the fu-
neral of a beloved wife
and mother, to comfort
the bereaved family.*

“OUR HEAVENLY HOME.”

“There is a world somewhere in space,
Where friends shall meet in fond embrace,
And of the great salvation talk,
As down the ages they shall walk.

“There happy loved-ones robed in white,
Together walk the Plains of Light,
And talk and sing in gladdest strains,
While roaming o’er the lovely plains.

“There sin and death shall not be found,
While countless ages roll around;
And wailing never shall be heard,
Nor strife and envy ever feared.

“There grief and want can never come
To that delightful happy home;
For heaven’s fullness all shall share
Without a single want or care.

“There trees of life sublimely grow,
Whose fruitful branches, bending low,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Invite the happy throngs in white
To come and eat to their delight.

“There Life’s Eternal River flows,
(Upon whose banks the Life-tree grows),
To keep their youthful vigor strong,
While countless ages roll along.

“There golden mansions stately rise,
And kiss the sweet refulgent skies;
And happy souls within their walls,
Send sweetest music through the halls.

“There little children saved by grace,
Among the blessed take their place,
And with their childish voices sing—
‘Hosanna to their Savior King.’

“There mother’s hearts with gladness swell,
The depth of which no tongue can tell,
When to each one her baby flies
With glory sparkling from its eyes.

“There fam’ly groups all safe at home,
Sit down within the golden dome,
And with enraptured joys proclaim,
Salvation through their Savior’s Name.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“O may we all those glories share,
And breathe that holy atmosphere,
Where fragrant flowers always bloom,
And fill the air with sweet perfume.”

*Sylvanus, by request, sings
an original song in a re-
vival meeting to fit a series
of allegorical sermons being
preached by his pastor on,
“The Broad Way.”*

“THE DOWNWARD COURSE.”

“Downward the sinner is trav’ling with speed,
Downward he’s going and will not take heed,
Steering his course for destruction and woe
In the dark regions of weeping below;
He will not listen to warnings of friends,
He will not hearken, but downward he tends,
Stopping his ears to entreaties of love,
Coming with power from heaven above.

“Passing the cities upon the Broad Way,
Passing the places of sinful display,
Deeper and deeper he’s sinking in sin,
Stifling the voice of his conscience within;
Still he’s determined his race he will run,
Still will he roam like the prodigal son,
Spending his money for that that’s not bread,
Drawn by decoys and allurements ahead.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“Soon will he pass the redemption of grace,
Soon will he reach the dark end of his race,
Where he will plunge into infinite woe,
Captured at last by his merciless foe;
Hearken, then, sinner while mercy is free,
Hearken while Jesus is calling to thee—
Bidding thee come with contrition of mind
Where you will life and true blessedness find.

“He is the way and the life and the truth,
He is the way to the fountain of youth,
Where you’ll for ever drink pleasures untold,
Never grow weary and never grow old;
These are the blessings He offers to you,
These are the pleasures for you to pursue;
O then, dear sinner, forsake the Broad Way—
Come, and receive these great blessings to-day.”

*Ruth visits an aged and pious
widow, and sings two songs for
her comfort and consolation.*

“THE WORLD BEYOND.”

“Beyond this world of sin and sorrow,
A world of glory lies,
Resplendent with eternal beauty—
Delightful to our eyes.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“By faith I see its golden mansions,
And hear the angels sing;
By faith I hear the saints adoring
Their Savior and their King.

“I see the golden streets of Zion
Beneath the lovely trees,
Whose fruitful boughs are always bending
Before the gentle breeze.

“Then death’s approach should not dismay us,
When such a world as this
Lies just beyond the rolling Jordan,
Filled with eternal bliss.”

“THE PROMISED LAND.”

“On top of Pisgah’s lofty Mount,
The faithful Moses stood,
And viewed the Christian’s home beyond,
Filled with eternal good.

“So on the shining Mount of Faith,
The weary pilgrims stand,
And look with pleasure and with hope
To their own Promised Land.

“Ten thousand glories come in sight
To greet their longing eyes,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And strengthen them to press their way
To win the promised prize.

“Oh, how their hearts will leap for joy
When they shall reach its shores,
And enter through the open gate
To its exhaustless stores!”

*Sylvanus visits a patron who
is badly discouraged because
of difficulties and misfor-
tunes, and sings two songs
for his comfort and encourage-
ment.*

“CROSSING THE RED SEA.”

“The Red Sea rolls before me wide,
And on its banks I stand;
The mountains rise on either side,
And foes my all demand.

“Lord, here I am hedged in around,
And helpless without thee;
O may escape for me be found
Through this unfriendly sea.

“‘Go forward,’ says a voice divine,
‘Fear neither sea nor foe;
For both the land and sea are mine,
And all the winds that blow.’

THE GUIDING HAND.

“I take a step without delay,
And, lo, the sea divides;
I hear the winds and waters say—
‘See how the Lord provides.’

“With joy now streaming from my eyes,
And feet made light and free,
I bound away while angry cries
Are fast pursuing me.

“At length I reach the other shore,
And loudly shout and sing,
While o’er my foes the billows roar,
And me their treasures bring.”

“TAKING HOLD OF GOD’S STRENGTH.”

Is. 27:5.

“God’s strength is limitless as space,
And just as free as air;
And all who seek His throne of grace,
Shall of His fullness share.

“All nature throbs with His great strength,
Which thousands utilize;
And greater forces will, at length,
The human race surprise.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“So in the field of business,
God’s help is near at hand;
And those who meet with great distress,
May have His strength as planned.

“In trouble, too, of ev’ry kind,
His strength will be our stay;
And in Him we shall comfort find
Throughout ‘the cloudy day.’

“O let us, then, by faith and prayer,
Take hold of strength divine;
For God is present ev’rywhere,
And through His Word and works doth Shine.”

“He is sufficient for all time,
And through eternity;
In ev’ry place and ev’ry clime,
He’ll give us victory.”

*Sylvanus, in his study, falls
into a meditative mood before
he retires at night, and writes
the following little poem.*

“AN EVENING MEDITATION.”

“When the bright refulgent sun
Sinks below the golden West,
’Then I think of races run,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And of weary souls at rest—
Nevermore to be distressed,
Nevermore to be depressed.

“When the ev’ning stars combine
To illuminate the sky,
Then I think of those who shine
Where they ne’er again shall die—
Ne’er again shall weep or cry,
Ne’er again shall ever sigh.

“When I wake from my repose,
And my daily work resume,
Then I think, how blest are those
Who have passed beyond the tomb—
There to meet the Great Bridegroom,
There to wear the victor’s plume.”

Ruth, at a Sunday-school

Rally, sings two songs

for the children.

“LET THE CHILDREN COME.”

“Jesus loves you, little children,
And delights with you to meet;
He also wants you in His kingdom,
There to play around his feet.

THE GUIDING HAND.

"You are like the blooming flowers,
Early in the lovely spring;
And He loves to have you near Him,
And to hear you gladly sing.

"You are wanted in His vineyard,
As there's work that you can do
While the juicy grapes are growing,
And at time of vintage, too.

"O then come, dear little children,
Hearken to His pleading voice;
Come, accept Him as your Savior—
Make this wise and holy choice."

"A CHILD'S DELIGHT IN THE SUNDAY- SCHOOL."

"I love to go to Sunday-school,
And meet my playmates there,
And talk about the Golden Rule
With which our lives to square.

"I love to go where I can learn
Of Jesus' love for me,
And how He does for children yearn,
And with them loves to be.

THE GUIDING HAND.

"I love to take my seat in class,
With Bible in my hand,
And answer questions as they pass
Along our little band.

"I love to go where I can hear
The little children sing,
And mingle with them without fear
In praising our great King."

*Sylvanus at a literary
gathering, recites an
original poem on,*

"THE RACE OF DAY AND NIGHT."

"Around the world with equal pace,
Two athletes run a daily race,
And have for ages now gone by,
And will till time itself shall die;
Each follows in the other's wake,
Yet neither one can overtake
The other in his tireless flight,
As one is Day, the other Night.

"One keeps his eyes upon the sun,
And in its light doth always run;
The other gazes on the stars,
And sometimes on the god of wars;
They both discover this world's strife,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And all the woes of human life,
But they do not delight in these,
Since each one's object is to please.

"The sunlit athlete runs along,
And fills the world with work and song,
And never fails to bear in mind
That Night is coming just behind;
He spreads the blue sky overhead,
And radiates the paths we tread,
And tries to beat his comrade Night
In that which gives to earth delight.

"The dark-robed athlete next appears
To close our eyes and seal our ears,
Renew our strength by sleep and rest,
And give to us the blessings best;
He first reveals the starry sky,
Where countless orbs in splendor fly
To teach us through astronomy,
The greatness of immensity.

"They both are friends to beast and man,
And both reveal their Maker's plan,
But while each one remains our guest,
We're apt to think that he is best;
The fact, however, still remains,
That each one takes especial pains

THE GUIDING HAND.

To do the very best he can
To satisfy the needs of man.

“They also serve to illustrate
Conditions in our moral state,
And also in the social realm
Where each in turn is at the helm ;
In these realms, though, we dislike Night,
And always wish to run with Light,
But Wisdom hath this way decreed,
And in this way till death will lead.

“The Days of Vigor and of Health,
Of Social gladness and of Wealth ;
The Days of Friendship and of Peace,
Do often meet with sad decease ;
Then come along the Night of Care,
Of Sickness, Sorrow and Despair,
Of Discord, Want and Poverty,
And fill the world with misery.

“But as the Day of Life speeds by,
He puts much sunlight in the eye,
Clears mental skies from gloomy clouds,
And hides from sight our waiting shrouds ;
Puts vigor into heart and brain,
And fresh red blood in ev’ry vein—
His kingdom is a reign of light,
And all his laws are just and right.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“The Night of Death with seeming haste,
Then comes along with want and waste,
And fills our skies with clouds of gloom,
And opens up the ghastly tomb;
The rich and poor and well and strong,
Are saddened by his doleful song—
His kingdom is a reign of woe,
As all his subjects right well know.

“But yet, as Solar Night reveals
Unnumbered stars which Day conceals,
So when we bid Life’s Day adieu,
The Night of Death will bring to view
A grander universe of light
Where Day reigns always without Night,
And where we shall for ever dwell,
And hear no more the curfew bell.”

*Ruth, at the golden
wedding of a pious
and respected couple,
recites an original
poem entitled—*

“THE GOLDEN WEDDING.”

“For fifty years you’ve walked together,
Through sunny days and cloudy weather,
Through pleasant springs and summers warm,
Through autumn’s frost and winter’s storm,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Through flow'ry realms of joy and gladness,
Through vales of somber shades and sadness,
Through difficulties to success,
And on to old-age happiness.

“To-day, with joyful retrospection,
By means of clearest recollection,
You can with pleasure now review
Your married life when it was new—
When you in springtime were united,
And with the fire of youth were lighted;
And also when your honeymoon
Glowed like the summer sun at noon.

“Oh ! those days were superbly golden,
And in some ways may now seem olden,
Since all the cares and ills of age,
Have driven youthtime from the stage;
But that glad youth which you still cherish,
Shall not in its forced absence perish,
But shall some day come back again,
And age shall leave for ever then.

“And even now those youthful voices,
In which your lonely age rejoices,
May still be heard in under-tone
When you are by yourselves alone;
And often, too, those youthful feelings
Return to you with glad revealings,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Which cause you to renew your youth
According to the Word of Truth.

“But on the resurrection morning,
Your youth, with heaven’s rich adorning,
Shall then assume complete control
In both your body and your soul;
And then, with age and childhood blended,
Without their ills and wrongs appended,
You shall for ever walk along
In realms of gladness and of song.

“Then earthly age shall pass for ever,
But this will not your soul-ties sever,
For youth immortal then shall come,
And welcome you with gladness home;
With all the good of age and childhood
Reclaimed from all their earthly wildwood,
You will, in some way now unknown,
Each claim the other as your own.

“And now, on this your golden wedding,
As all your wings of thought are spreading,
We come to celebrate with you
This day that brings the past to view;
We come as children, friends, relations,
From all our varied avocations,
And pray that you may long remain
Without a trouble or a pain.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

*Sylvanus and Ruth at a
religious service in
Pleasant Vale, sing, by
request, a responsive song.*

“THE PATHS OF GOD, AND THE RIVER OF LIFE.”

*Ps. 16:11; 65:11; 36:8; 46:4; Ezek. 47:1-9; Rev.
22:1.*

Ruth:—

“The paths of God with fatness drop,
As He walks to and fro;
And never shall His blessings stop,
While ages come and go.”

Sylvanus:—

“There is a river that makes glad
The City of our King,
And to the weary and the sad,
The truest pleasures bring.”

Ruth:—

“Along the pathways of our God,
Are dropped a million mines,
And ev’rywhere His feet have trod,
A treasure brightly shines.”

Sylvanus:—

“The joyful river flows along
With streamlets branching out,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And fills the world with health and song,
And makes all nature shout."

Ruth:—

"The paths of God pass by the wells
From which salvation springs,
And then along through lovely dells,
Where nature sweetly sings."

Sylvanus:—

"The River of God's Pleasures flows
Within the reach of all;
And on its banks the Life-tree grows,
All sickness to forestall."

Ruth:—

"The paths of God are paths of life,
And ways of righteousness;
Within them there is found no strife,
But only what will bless."

Sylvanus:—

"Wherever this great river flows,
There ev'rything shall live;
And as it ever wider grows,
It has more joys to give."

THE GUIDING HAND.

Ruth:—

“God’s paths lead up to His right hand
Where death shall be no more;
And there within that goodly land,
We’ll find the richest ore.”

Sylvanus:—

“This river flows down from on high
To quench the thirst of earth,
Then back again beyond the sky
To where there is no dearth.”

Both Together:—

“Thy paths, O God, drop fatness here,
And in the world to come;
Thy river brings thy Heaven near—
Our own dear future home.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

SECTION XII.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE OKLAHOMA CONSTITUTION.

After their schools closed, Sylvanus and Ruth, by urgent solicitation, entered the campaign for the Oklahoma Constitution, which was to be voted on September 17th, A. D. 1907. Sylvanus was to speak, and Ruth to sing. They were to give special attention to the Prohibitory section of the Constitution. One of Sylvanus' speeches and one of Ruth's original songs, are given in this section. Those delivered in Pleasant Vale at a great rally in the month of July, are selected.

"THE UPAS TREE OF RUM."

Rum may be likened to the Upas Tree,
With poison in its foliage and fruit,
And poison in the atmosphere around,
So that whoever ventures near enough
To pluck and eat its fascinating fruit,
Will either die or else will suffer loss
In health, finance or in domestic peace.

"This tree is found along on either side
Of that great River called Depravity,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Whose putrid water readily ascends
Into its boughs by capillary law.
The soil in which it grows is always moist,
And well adapted to its rapid growth.
It cannot grow in righteous soil, and is
Not found upon Life's River's banks.
By Death's dark River it can only grow,
And in a soil that's fertilized by sin.
In such a soil, its growth is very rank.
It spreads its fruitful branches far around,
And rises up, sometimes, to lofty heights.
Its heavy foliage is always green,
And ev'ry day it yields its deadly fruit;
And thus continues through the entire year.

“Though old in years, it still is young in life,
And filled with all the vigor of its youth,
And all the strength of its maturity.
It has withstood the storms the ages through;
And while some branches have been broken off,
And others bruised and damaged, more or less,
Yet its recuperative powers have,
With magic skill, repaired the damage soon.
And while the tempests of the present day
Are making it look ragged and forlorn
In many sections of our goodly land,
It still in secret bears its poison fruit,
And sends its deadly exhalations round

THE GUIDING HAND.

In airships laden with bacteria.
It seems to have a thousand lives in one;
For when we think we have it killed, at times,
It sends up other shoots from hidden roots,
Which soon develop into spreading trees.
Its jointed roots extend throughout our land,
And from them new and lusty stocks shoot up
Wherever soil is found adapted to
Their nature; and such soil is found in great
Abundance almost ev'rywhere, but more
Especially in cities and in towns.
They also grow in groves, both large and small,
And many times in forests, here and there,
As Death's obnoxious River winds about
Wherever wicked men are found to dwell.
The cleared-out farms within these forests great,
Are hard to keep free from the noxious plant
Because of hostile borders round about,
Which wage a constant war against the fields
Where goodly plants and crops attempt to grow.
Where righteous people sow the best of seed,
Unrighteous people sow the worst of tares,
If we permit ourselves to go to sleep,
Or even careless grow in daily work.
Eternal vigilance, as well as toil,
Is necessary to protect ourselves
From all the hostile borders round our fields.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Its Fruit.

“The fruit upon this Upas Tree attracts,
Allures, deceives and then, at last, destroys
Its victims without mercy or respect.
Its process of destruction oft is slow.
It often tortures first before it kills,
By bringing on them many kinds of woes;
And also on their friends and families, too,
And even on the Commonwealth at large.
It causes sorrow, pain, and blood-shot eyes;
Disease, contention, wounds, disorders, crimes,
Complaining, babbling, mocking, poverty;
And then, at last, from out the sparkling cup
In which the poison juice has been distilled,
The serpent and the stinging-adder dart
Like fiery arrows shot by skillful hands;
And soon the victims lie in drunkard’s graves.
Sometimes it also has a strange effect
Upon the moral sentiments of men—
Reversing them in such a way that right
Seems wrong and wrong seems right—that eyes
and ears
And tastes no longer make a true report.
It was in view of this the prophet said:—

*“Woe unto them that call evil good, and good
evil; that put darkness for light, and light
for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and
sweet for bitter.”—Is. 5:20.*

THE GUIDING HAND.

“How awful is the sad effect upon
The victims of this fascinating fruit!
The eyes and tastes and ears are all deranged,
And nothing seems to be just what it is.
It so degrades a man that he, at length,
Becomes swine-like in action and in taste,
As once it did Ulysses’ friends upon
Calypso’s Magic Isle, as Homer has
So well described; or like the charmed cup
That Circe gave to her deluded throng,
As Milton in his *Comus* doth relate.

“The Noah-Legend.”

“In close connection with these frightful tales
Of noble men descended into swine
By drinking Circe’s and Calypso’s cups,
The Noah-legend may be told also.

“When he came forth from out the ark, ’tis said,
He pitched his tent upon a lovely spot,
And planted him a vineyard near at hand.
The Devil soon appeared upon the scene,
And killed a lamb, a lion, ape and hog;
And with their mingled-blood he watered all
The vines. When Noah asked him what he meant,
He said: ‘He who at first shall drink the wine
That shall be made from this delicious fruit,
Shall be a lamb, and later on he shall

THE GUIDING HAND.

Become a lion, then an ape, and last
Of all, a hog in ways and appetites.'

"Death's Prime Minister."

"Another legend says that Death, the King
Of Terrors, summoned, once upon a time,
His retinue of courtiers to his court,
And there informed them that he was about
To choose a chief adviser to his throne,
And that the courtier who could show that he
Or she had done the most destructive work,
Should be his prime or chiefest minister.
Tuberculosis, Fever, Ague, Gout,
Contagion, Palsy, Asthma, Rheumatism,
Bronchitis, Jaundice, Cancer, Leprosy
And many other ghastly-looking imps,
Appeared before him with their strongest claims.
Each one proclaimed the multitude of woes
That he had brought upon the human race;
And each, in turn, was complimented much.
The king declared, however, that the choice
Could not be made until Intemperance
Arrived and he could hear her tale of woe.
Ere long they heard the sound of revelry,
And, looking up, they saw approaching fast,
A Bacchanalian throng with noisy tread.
A woman clothed in costume, rich and gay,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Was in the center of this motley crowd,
Borne like a goddess by four courtiers strong
Within a fine palanquin that was made
For this occasion to impress the king.
She entered bravely through the royal door,
And bade the other courtiers stand aside;
And then with great authority, she said:—
'Give way, ye sickly, inefficient crew;
How dare you try to vie with one like me!
How weak your claims will seem when mine are
told!

Go, stand off yonder, while I tell the woes
That I have brought upon the human race;
And then you'll slink away when I am through
And never act so foolish anymore
As to compete with me in such a claim.'

"With skill she then presented all the woes
In panoramic view that she had brought
Upon the world, and told what she proposed
To do in years and ages yet to come.
The king sat smiling as he saw the woes
In almost countless numbers pass before
Him in their ghostly uniforms of black,
And armed with all the deadly weapons known
To their peculiar and distinctive realm.
When she was through, the other courtiers fled,
And Death, with satisfaction in his voice,
Proclaimed her Chief Adviser to his court.

THE GUIDING HAND.

"The Axe of God is at its Root."

"This great intoxicating Upas Tree
Is under sentence of eternal death.
The Axe of God is laid unto its root,
And some day it shall be cut down and cast
Into the fire, and burned up root and branch.

"The Axe of Education."

"Before this upas tree can be destroyed,
The errors growing in the human mind
Must be removed, and truth implanted there
Instead; but first, its soil, must be reclaimed
From nature's wild, uncultivated state.
This axe is primal, and must go before
All other axes plied against this tree;
For just as long as public sentiment
Indorses this obnoxious tree, that long
The other axes cannot cut it down.
You cannot make nor execute a law,
Nor do effective work of any kind
In any worthy cause, until you get
The Public Mind with you to some extent.
There may be some exceptions to this rule,
But these exceptions cannot change the fact.
The more support you get from other minds,
The more you can accomplish in your sphere.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“The Public Mind is soil to cultivate,
And then to sow and plant with precious seed;
But first, it must be rescued from the wild,
Like any native soil; for in its vast
Domain large forests, here and there, are found;
And wild, uncultivated prairies spread
In all directions like the lakes and seas,
While snow-capped mountains pierce the passing
clouds,
And many creeks and rivers must be bridged.
The buffalo, the antelope, the deer,
The rabbit, panther, bear and prairie-dog,
Are found in great abundance ev’rywhere;
And savage Indians may be found within
Its hutning-grounds rejoicing in its game.
Such was the East, and such the North and South,
And such has also been the golden West;
But after years of hardships and of toils,
The wilds have been transformed to civil states,
And well improved and cultivated farms
Supply both man and beast with choicest food,
And fill the coffers of the world with wealth.
The erstwhile deserts blossom as the rose,
While towns and cities deck their bosoms like
The brightest jewels do the queens of earth;
And railroads make them look like checker-boards,
On which the people play or move their crops
To both enrich themselves, and others, too.

THE GUIDING HAND.

And yet some weeds and evil plants abound,
Which show us that our work is not yet done—
That wildness still remains in many parts,
And may be found in many fruitful fields.

“The Public Mind, like nature’s verdant wilds,
Must be transformed into a civil land.
The evil plants must all be rooted up,
The prairie soil turned over to the sun,
The subsoil broken up and pulverized;
And then the good seed must be sown aright,
And cultivated in the proper way,
Before it can produce the best results,
And flourish like its Maker planned it should.
Its mines of gold and silver, lead and zinc,
Its coal-fields, copper-mines and diamond-beds,
Its hidden lakes of water, oil and gas,
Must all be opened up and utilized
Before its wild-lands are reclaimed in full.
And when we thus possess the human mind,
We shall possess the means also with which
To turn our world into a Paradise.
Success, with rosy crown, will be our prize,
And she will lead us on to greater deeds.

“Thus in our conflict with the upas tree,
We must enlist the public mind or fail.
We must clear out its landscapes growing wild,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And sow therein the precious seeds of truth.
Its native forces must be trained aright,
Which will require much patience and much toil.
When this is fully done, the upas tree
Will soon be rooted up and cast into
The fire of wrath, where all such trees belong.
Then let us go to work with might and main,
And utilize the power near at hand
To rid our country of this cursed tree,
And fill it with the tree of life instead.
The fabled Atlas, it is said, could stalk
About with this big world upon his back,
But if a hostile world's opinion had
Alighted on his back, he would have sunk
As quickly as a mill-stone in the Deep:
No Atlas can support this mighty weight.
No legislative body can withstand
The pressure of a hostile sentiment;
And no colossal evil can endure
Against the mandates of the public mind.

“The way to create public sentiment
Or to reclaim the wild-lands of the mind,
And make them blossom with eternal truth
And righteousness, will now be pointed out.
We have already shown the urgent need
Of education in the mental field;
And now we'll show the way to educate,
And name the means by which it may be done.

THE GUIDING HAND.

The Axe of Home Education.

“The home, if it is what it ought to be,
Can always do the most efficient work
In cultivating public sentiment;
For if the childish mind is rightly trained
By wise and righteous parents in the home,
It shapes its mental and its moral trend
Almost as well, and lasting, too, as molds
Give shape to molten iron, lead and gold.
True wisdom long ago proclaimed this fact:—

*“Train up a child in the way he should go,
and even when he is old he will not depart
from it.” Prov. 22:6.*

This rule holds good, with few exceptions, in
Religion, and in politics, as well.
So if the training in the home is right,
And all its moral atmosphere is pure,
The men and women who go forth from thence
Will take that training with them into all
Their future life, and it will show itself
In all the wide relationships of life.
Such home-trained men and women, like the salt
Which that great Sermon on the Mount proclaims,
Arrest the process of the world's decay,
As well as they preserve that which is pure.
Like leaven in the meal, they permeate,
At length, the entire lump or neighborhood,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Until the whole is leavened or transformed.
As is the bush so also is the tree;
So as the boy the man is apt to be.
'As twigs are bent they're always so inclined;'
So as the child is raised and trained at home,
It will, most likely, so remain through life,
Unless some greater power overrules
The kindergarten culture of the home,
Which sometimes is the case, as all well know,
Both as to right, as well as to the wrong.
But yet, the close observer is convinced
That wise and careful training in the home
Will have a good effect throughout the life,
And through that life upon the world at large,
As far as its expansive power goes.

"You parents, then, should feel the mighty weight
Of such a great responsibility.
Get right yourselves if you are wrong
On this important issue of our times,
And teach your children civic righteousness
So they will be a blessing to the world,
Instead of cursing it with ruined lives.
If you are right yourselves in your belief
Concerning this great hydra-headed curse,
Then fight it with your voice and with your vote,
And teach your children to oppose it, too;
And then, when they shall reach maturity,

THE GUIDING HAND.

They'll carry forward your unfinished work;
But if you do not train them right, the good
That now is being done may be annulled.

“A mother took her daughter, who was six
Years old, to see trained animals perform.
The little girl was much delighted with
Their feats. As she was sometimes slow to mind,
Her Mamma took occasion to impress
Upon her mind a lesson that would do
Her good, and hence she said: ‘Dear Josephine,
If monkeys, dogs and ponies can be taught
To do so well, a little girl like you,
Who knows much more than they can ever know,
Should mind your Mamma better than they do
Their Master.’ Josephine at once replied:
‘I would dear Mamma, if I only had
Been trained as well as they have—yes I would.’

“The Axe of the Public School.”

“The supplemental training of the schools
Is also needed to reclaim the mind,
And turn its forces all against the tree
Whose poison fruit is causing so much woe.
They cannot take the place of goodly homes,
But they can supplement the work done there,
And lead the mind to higher altitudes

THE GUIDING HAND.

Of thought concerning all its duties in
The moral and the civic fields of life.

“The Public Schools, we know, are doing much
To show the evils of the upas tree
On both the body and the intellect,
And also on the moral nature, too;
And in addition yet to this, they sow
The mind with wholesome and ennobling truths,
And train it for the noblest kind of work.
And yet, we feel that they could do still more,
If all the teachers would ally themselves
With those who stand for prohibition in
The constitution of our youthful state,
And do their best to fortify the minds
Of all the children under their control
Against the bold, deceptive pow’rs of rum,
And get them fully set against its use,
And also trained to fight it to the death.
O teachers, do your duty on this line,
And you will then assist the teaching-homes,
Advance the cause of civic righteousness,
And crown yourselves with honor that will last.

“The University Axe.”

“The training given in the common schools,
With all its conquests of the human mind,
Needs supplementing by the higher schools

THE GUIDING HAND.

Called Universities. These schools are set
Against the use of all intoxicants,
With only few exceptions, now and then.
They weed the mind of errors that the homes
And public schools have failed to do, and plant,
Instead, still higher truths to bear good fruit.
Their conquests reach beyond the other's bounds;
And from the distant landscapes of the mind,
Bring re-inforcements for the cause of truth—
Tremendous forces, which they have reclaimed
From wild, uncultivated states beyond.
Those coming from such schools are well equipped
To grapple with the higher problems of
The world which drive so many to despair.
The graduates that they are sending out,
With some exceptions, constitute a force
That makes this world a better place to live.
And yet, these graduates should do still more,
Because they are so highly qualified.
Where much is given there is much required.

"The Axe of Business."

"Another axe that's doing splendid work
Upon this deadly upas tree, is that
Or Business. The economics of
The world, to-day, demand, not merely men,
But sober-minded men, in all the great
Departments of the complex social state.

THE GUIDING HAND.

The men who drink are being crowded out
Of all important places in the state,
The schools, professions, trades and even shows.
The trainers and the acrobats must all
Keep sober, as dizzy-headed actors could
Not do the stunts assigned to them. The same
Is true upon the railroads of the world.
And thus throughout the whole commercial world,
The man who drinks is rightly losing out.
No matter what his education is,
Nor what his skill, he must give up his job,
If he continues in his downward course.

“Thus while commercialism is much abused,
And rightly criticised for grievous faults,
Yet we must not denounce it as a whole,
Since it is doing much effective work
To check the progress of intemperance.
It has its own peculiar faults, of course,
Like other movements carried on by men,
But yet, it is a forward movement of
The world peculiar to the present age;
And, like some others, it will run its course,
At length, and scatter blessings all along
Its pathway for the good of all the world.
The Guiding Hand is at the helm, and hence
We shall not fail to reach the happy goal
When rum shall all be banished from the earth.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“In view of this, ye men of wealth, bestir
Yourselves. Your axe is sharp, and will not fail
To do efficient work along this line,
If it is used aright against this tree;
For love of money curbs the love of rum
When it gets in between a man and true
Success. So if you thus convince the young
That drinking is a bar to getting wealth,
And to success in any sphere of life,
You then have dealt a most destructive blow
Against this evil tree; for it will die
If men refuse to eat its poison fruit
And drink its deadly wine. Dont’ be afraid
That it will hurt your trade in any way;
For many tests have shown that it will not;
But on the other hand, it has been shown
That great financial gains have come instead.
When rum is banished, cities grow, and trade
Increases all along the line, while all
The country round enjoys prosperity.
But even if it should decrease your trade,
As we are sure that it will not, you still
Should stand for prohibition any way,
As you, I think, would not desire to sell
The moral welfare of your goodly state,
The happiness of thousands of her homes,
And send a multitude of men to hell
For all the extra money you might make,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And all the towns and cities you might build
With human blood and groans of dying men,
And cries of children for their daily bread,
And bitter wails of weeping motherhood.
Heed, then, Habakkuk's warning to the world:—

*"Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood,
and establisheth a city by iniquity. Hab. 2:12.*

The Axe of Civil Government.

"Another mighty axe that should be plied
Against this tree is Civil Government.
With this tremendous axe at our command,
We can, if we but will to do it, strike
It with such deadly blows that it will fall;
But just as long as civil law protects
It, it will flourish like the stately Palm,
And like the Cedars of Mount Lebanon.

"Saloons, if evil in their nature and
Effects, as few, I think, will dare deny,
Should not be licensed by the government,
As states have no right to license wrong.
No legislative act can make wrong right
No more than it could make right wrong, or
change

A virtue into vice, a vice into
A virtue, or a truth into a lie,
Or make a lie a truth. No might or force

THE GUIDING HAND.

Can raise twice two to five. Twice two are four,
According to eternal law. The word,
Eternal, means without beginning and
Without an ending. Hence it cannot change.
So, then, the fact that two times two are four,
Is old as God, and it will live as long.
Like God, this truth is omnipresent, too,
Throughout the universe and boundless space.
It is complete and whole at ev'ry point—
Where I am standing, where the singer sits,
And where, also, each one before me sits—
Not partly here with me, nor partly there
With you, but perfect and complete with me.
And perfect and complete with each of you,
And so on through a never-ending space;
And yet, 'tis one, and not a billion truths
Or more, as those who stop to think will know.
It is an attribute of God, and hence
Must be coeval with Him as to time,
And co-extensive with Him as to space.
This being true, you see, it cannot change
No more than God, Himself, could change.
Eternal truths are changeless truths, and hence
The fact must be believed that even God,
With all His wondrous power, could not change
Or even modify them in the least
Without converting them into a lie;
And this, He would not, and He could not do.

THE GUIDING HAND.

‘He cannot lie.’ His nature, then, is fixed,
And changeless as an axiomatic truth;
And were it not, we could not trust in Him,
Nor love Him as we do; for I am sure
We could not trust a vacillating God
No more than we could trust in such a man.
Unstable men are not trustworthy men,
And liars cannot be depended on.
And so a God, unstable in His ways,
And who would try to make a truth a lie,
Could never win the confidence of man;
And if He ever should, He could not hold it long;
And neither could He win and hold the love
And confidence of angels near His throne.
If He could be a holy God to-day,
And then to-morrow be a devil; who,
We ask, could trust in such a fickle God?
But since His nature is forever fixed
And changeless as eternal truth, because
He is the truth, it follows, then, that we
Can always trust Him and believe His word.
In dealing with eternal right and wrong,
We know just what we can depend upon.
The same is true of all of nature’s laws.
If God should change His ways in nature or
In moral government, we then should have
A world of chance instead of changeless laws.
The order of the universe would be

THE GUIDING HAND.

Destroyed and anarchy would then prevail
In heaven and on earth instead of law.
We could not trust in water nor in fire,
In gravitation nor cohesive law,
In the succession of the day and night,
Nor in the seasons' regularity,
As all of these great laws would often change.
So, then, there must be fixedness to law,
To truth, to right, to virtue and to vice,
If perfect order is to be maintained
In nature and the unseen universe.
Right must forever be the same, and wrong
Must always be itself. The gulf between
Them is as deep and wide as boundless space.
Of course, free agents on probation here,
May travel back and forth from gulf to gulf;
But truth and virtue never can, no more
Than light and darkness can become the same,
Or dwell together in true fellowship.
Their close proximity in space does
Not change this great and fundamental law.
While right and wrong may meet in argument,
And long may struggle for supremacy,
Yet they can never harmonize nor be
The same. Their distance is in nature—not
In time nor space. They are as far apart
In likeness as the day is from the night,
And as the poles of never-ending space.

THE GUIDING HAND.

This being true, it follows without doubt,
That civil states can never change a wrong,
Or make it right by legislative act.
If God can't do it, it is foolish for
The State to try it. And if God does not,
And cannot license evil, how can man?
He bears with evil sometimes for awhile,
But never sanctions it. While dealing with
The Jewish Nation in its childhood days,
He did permit some evils to exist,
And regulated them by righteous laws;
But when the kindergarten age was past,
And that peculiar nation was full grown,
It was expected, then, to put away
Its childish things and be a full-grown state.
In time, therefore, those evils passed away—
Polygamy and slavery. Both of
Them were abolished by the Jewish state.
Intoxicants, in time, were also placed
Within forbidden lists, and thus outlawed.
To lead it out of all its childhood ways,
And up to man's estate, required severe
Processes—judgments of the sorest kinds—
To supplement the teaching of its code.

“But why should people of the present day
Go back to that defunct and ancient code
To gather up the trash it left behind

THE GUIDING HAND.

And build it into modern civil states?
Why should we follow in a nation's path
As it moves forward tow'rd its perfect goal,
And gather up the evils that it left behind,
Incorporate them into civil law,
And try to justify ourselves because
They were permitted once within a State
When all the world was in its pinafores?
It would be wiser for us now to look
For all the truths and virtues it possessed,
Enact them into all our modern laws,
And hold them sacred in our politics;
For in this way, alone, can we advance
Beyond the nations of the hoary past.
'Tis better, far, to imitate the good
That we can see in others than the bad.
Those who assimilate the bad, alone,
Grow worse instead of better, and, at last,
Their lamp of life will flicker out,
And they will soon be numbered with the dead,
While those who copy all the good, alone,
Will make improvements in the civil state,
And with increasing light shine on and on
Until the glad and perfect day arrives.
Permission was not license. Neither was
It sanction. It was only what we call,
A Father's charity tow'rd children young.
Then let us, as a modern state, review

THE GUIDING HAND.

The hoary past, as well as recent dates,
And gather out the good that we may find,
And build it in our goodly commonwealth.
Let's start out right, and not assume that we
Are children in a kindergarten school.
The most of us have come from older states,
Which long have passed the kindergarten age,
And hence should start out on a higher plain.
Though statehood may, itself, be young, yet we
Are not. We have the wisdom of the old,
The strength of manhood and the fire of youth;
And therefore we should press on tow'rd the goal
To which the Guiding Hand is pointing us.
The other states all failed to start this way,
Excepting North Dakota, which was first
To start out sober as a commonwealth.
They chose to imitate preceding ones,
Assuming that they, too, must follow on
The way the others all had gone, and thus
Pass through the kindergarten stage, themselves,
When they were full grown men. How foolish
Such a course! Shall we, in this enlightened age,
Hold on to antiquated laws? Or shall
We leave them out and be a modern state?
Shall we be children, fossils and the like?
Or shall we, one and all, proclaim the fact
That we are men, and men of modern type—
Progressive men—men who are up-to-date?

THE GUIDING HAND.

I'm sure that you desire to be such men.
Then rise to your great opportunity.
Let old defunct and worn-out precedents
Be kicked aside as so much worthless trash,
And let us now inaugurate some new
And better precedents for coming states,
As well as show the older states what they
Neglected, and to help them now to rise
Up in their might and rectify their old
Mistakes and join the movements of to-day.
Don't try to justify the wrong or make
It right by legislative acts, for this
You cannot do, as we have fully shown.
Don't try to imitate the ancient States,
Nor copy after Israel's Primer-school;
But take the New Economy as your
Unerring guide, and then you will not fail,
As it is well adapted to the world
Through all its latest stages to the end.
Its laws are all prohibitory. Not
A single wrong is licensed by its code.
A perfect standard is set up, and we
Are bidden to live up to it as states,
As well as each of us in private life.
The fact, of course, is recognized that we
Will sometimes miss the mark or fall below
The Standard; but we have no license to.

THE GUIDING HAND.

‘Thou shalt not,’ or ‘Thou shalt,’ is God’s command.

So should it be with all our civil states.
All evil should be outlawed and condemned,
And not allowed to walk our streets or live
In public anywhere. It has no right
At all to even any secret place
Within the world that God has made for man.
All evil plants are foreign to this world,
And hence must all be rooted up before
The world can be just what it ought to be,
And what it was before the fall of man.
Weeds have no right in fields of growing grain.
They are intruders there, and hence should be
Exterminated root and branch. The grain
Demands it. So the evils of the world
Have not a single right to our respect.
A weedy grain field shows neglect, if not
An indolence that needs severe reproof.
So if a state allows the weeds to grow
Within its borders, and protects them there,
It will, at length, become just like the farm
Belonging to the slothful man of old:—

*“I went by the field of the sluggard,
And by the vineyard of the man void of understanding;*

*And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns,
The face thereof was covered with nettles,
And the stone wall thereof was broken down.
Then I beheld, and considered well;*

THE GUIDING HAND.

*I saw, and received instruction:
Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands to sleep;
So shall thy poverty come as a robber,
And thy want as an armed man."* Prov. 24:30-34.

"Such slothfulness is sin without excuse,
Without a right, without respect among
The good. Then let us keep our civic fields
As clear of weeds as careful farmers do
Their fields of growing grain. Allow them not
A right to grow. Let all be rooted up.
Among them grows the upas tree of rum,
Which is among the worst of evil plants,
And which so many states allow to grow
And flourish under statutory law.
But let brave Oklahoma root it up,
And relegate it to the fires of wrath.
Don't let this evil walk your streets
Protected by the statutes of your state,
But kill it, or else drive it out of sight.
If men will sell, and men will buy and drink,
They should be made to do it in the dark,
As there is where all evil doth belong.
It is a work of darkness, and as such,
It has no fellowship with light, nor light
With it. So drive it back where it belongs,
And keep it there until the time shall come
When it shall be abolished from the earth.
If it is thus removed beyond the sight

THE GUIDING HAND.

Of all our children and our youth, we then,
Ere long, shall have a race that never saw
A joint, saloon or public drinking-place.
In Kansas this is now the case to some
Extent, and is becoming more and more
The case as time is passing by. That state
Has long enjoyed prohibitory law;
And it is growing stronger year by year
In keeping down the upas tree of rum.
The same is true of Maine. And later, still,
Three other states have fallen into line,
And others are about to do the same,
While local option has control of large
Areas of a score of other states.
'Tis plain the time is drawing near when rum
Shall be outlawed by all our sister states.
Then let us, as a new-born state, begin
Our civic life with prohibition law,
And we will be the second thus to start.
And when we have saloons all driven from
Our streets, we will pursue the traffic in
The dark and not allow it even there.

"The Axe of the Printing Press."

"The Printing Press must also have a place
Among the axes plied against this tree.
I'm glad so many papers are against

THE GUIDING HAND.

The upas tree, and with a fiery zeal
Support the Constitution, if they do
Object to some few minor points which it
Contains. We must not let our statehood die
Because we differ on some minor points.

“The Printing Press is like a dynamo,
From which electric currents flow in all
Directions to illuminate our towns
And cities, and to send the trolley-cars
Along our streets, and through the country round.
Exhaustless force is in the dynamo,
And never-failing power from it flows.
A hundred of these power-houses, more
Or less, are doing much to help reclaim
The civic wild-lands of our youthful state.
They reach the rulers, high and low, and hold
Them back or urge them on, as they desire.
The rich, the poor, the scholar and the sage,
All feel the power of the printing press,
And shape their conduct largely to its mold.
It sets on fire the patriotic mind,
And wages war when it is so inclined,
And bids it cease when it is satisfied.

“It does not only create sentiment,
But gives expression to the public mind.
It keeps its finger on the people’s pulse,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And when the fever of desire for change,
For revolution or for foreign war,
Has risen high enough to justify,
It sends its vital sparks into the great
Explosives lying deep within the heart;
And soon an earthquake shakes the country round,
Volcanoes break forth from the mountain tops,
And mighty changes are thus brought about.
The rulers tremble on their thrones with fear;
Our legislative bodies are dismayed,
And, like intimidated children, do
The things the people through the Press demand
Of them, or else they are removed for cause.
No matter what their own belief may be,
They are compelled to do the people's will,
Which is expressed so strongly through the Press,
Or else resign their jobs to other men.

"Such is the power of the printing press
When it supports the evil or the good.
In molding public sentiment, it ranks
Among the greatest factors in the world;
And in reflecting public sentiment,
It holds a foremost place among the great.
It is a mighty Megaphone through which
The people issue orders to the King,
The President, the Senate and the House.
Their voices sound throughout the country round

THE GUIDING HAND.

Like thunder coming forth from distant clouds.
'Tis here they bring their raw products to get
Them manufactured into vital force.
Here public sentiment increases strength,
And breaks forth into cumulative pow'r
Like gold and silver, lead, and zinc, and tin,
When taken from their native mines and ores,
And passed through smelters and their proper
 molds,
And sent abroad to bless or curse the world,
As presses may decide. But God forbid
That any printing press should thus
Abuse its power or betray its trust!
Let those who do so base a thing as this
Become ashamed, and if they still persist
In such a reckless and unworthy course,
Then let them all be ostracized at once;
But let all those who try to utilize
Aright the latent forces brought to them,
Be praised, encouraged and assisted in
The noble work in which they are engaged.

"O all ye Printing Presses of the state,
Allow me to exhort you, one and all,
To use your mighty power for the right.
Let those upon the evil side reform,
And help the cause of prohibition now
While Opportunity is passing by.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Come, join the Constitution's loyal friends,
And with them concentrate your mighty force
Against the upas tree within our state.
Take up your axe, go forth with flaming zeal,
And lay this evil forest to the ground;
Pile all the brush, roll all the logs in heaps,
And then set fire to them and burn them up.
When this is done, then build your fences strong;
Break up the soil and plant your goodly trees;
Sow wheat; plant corn and cultivate it well;
And then prosperity will come to stay,
True happiness will ev'rywhere abound,
And we, at once, will take our place among
The Sisterhood of States with shining crown.

The Axe of the Church, or Christianity.

"There yet remains another axe which must
Be plied against this upas tree before
We can exterminate it root and branch.
This axe is Christianity; and it
Belongs to all the factors we have named.
The Home, the Public School, the Printing Press,
The Church, the State—may all apply this axe
To this destructive Upas Tree of Rum.
The church, of course, is most expert with this
Tremendous axe, as it is both the ground
And pillar of the truth—the reservoir

THE GUIDING HAND.

Of moral force which flows down from above.
It is God's kingdom in organic form,
So far as it can be expressed in such
A way; and through it moral forces best
Can operate upon the world; but yet,
The church cannot monopolize the truth,
Nor hold the sum of Christianity.
The system of eternal truth is too
Extensive for organic forms on earth,
Or in the heavens. It is as large as space,
And hence it overflows all finite bounds.
You cannot put the ocean in a cup,
Nor crowd all space into a single world,
Nor even into all the universe.
And neither can you put all truth into
A university, nor crowd the whole
Of Christianity into a church.
The river keeps the city standpipe full,
And through it satisfies the city homes
Connected with the fount or reservoir;
And yet it flows sublimely on its way,
Supplying other cities just the same
Without apparent loss of quantity.
So Christ is free to all who come in touch
With Him by faith. He is the Standpipe for
The human race. He stands between us and
The Father, filled with His infinitude;
'For in Him dwelleth all the fullness of

THE GUIDING HAND.

The Godhead bodily.' Our faith, like pipes,
Connects us with this never-failing Fount,
And through it with the great exhaustless Source
Of God's infinity. The Standpipe or
The Reservoir, therefore, can never fail
Because it is supplied from such a source.

"In ancient times, so it is said, the gods
Came down and placed a golden goblet on
An upright golden rod and filled it full
Of water. Then they offered it to him
Who first would drink it dry. A stalwart man
Stepped up and drank his fill, but left the cup
Completely full. Another tried, and then
Another, until scores had tried in vain.
The cup remained as full as at the first.
Then it was given up that all the world
Could not exhaust the water in the cup.
At length, investigation was begun
To ascertain the secret of the cup's
Supply. The rod was found to be a tube
That was connected with the mighty sea.
No wonder, then, they could not drink it dry!

"Our Mediator, like that goblet, stands
Between the Father and this fallen world,
For ever filled with all the fullness of
The Infinite, and hence can never fail

THE GUIDING HAND.

Throughout the ages of eternity.
Well did the prophet, in his matchless style,
Set this inspiring fact sublimely forth
When he foresaw the Standpipe built on earth,
The mighty Reservoir completely made,
The Golden Cup placed on the golden rod,
And all connected with INFINITY:—

*“Trust ye in Jehovah FOR EVER; for in Jehovah, even Jehovah, is an EVERLASTING Rock. * * * For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it, and to uphold it with justice and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever. * * * He will not FAIL nor be discouraged, till he have set justice in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law. * * * There Jehovah will be with us in majesty, a place of broad rivers and streams. * * * There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. * * * And everything shall live withersoever the river cometh.”* Is. 26:4; 9:6, 7; 42:4; 33:21; Ps. 46:4; Ezek. 47:9.

The river cometh from the throne of God—
The boundless Ocean of Infinity—
And flows by ev’ry city in the world;
And then through one unfailing main is raised
Into the Standpipe or the Reservoir,
From whence, through smaller tubes of living
faith,

THE GUIDING HAND.

It is conducted into all the hearts
And homes connected with it, bringing joy
And blessedness that never can be told.
As cities of this world are thus made glad
By earthly rivers flowing by, so they
Are made a thousand times more joyful by
The River of Salvation flowing by,
And sending up to them its living streams
Through each man's faith to each man's heart or
home.

Its healing waters flowing through the streets
Will wash out all uncleanness, purify
The hearts of all, restore the sick to health,
Make all the lame to walk, the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak and all
The weary and the troubled to rejoice.
So if we bring this river up in streams
Through tubes of faith or irrigating rills,
A new and holy life will come to us
With holy thirsts and holy appetites
That will not drink from putrid moral streams,
Nor eat the fruit of any evil trees;
And hence when this shall fully come to pass,
Saloons and joints will quickly disappear,
And all the upas trees will soon be killed,
Both root and branch, and cast into the fire
Of holy wrath where they will be consumed.
O hasten on, thou glad and happy day,

THE GUIDING HAND.

When Rum shall be completely overthrown,
And fully banished from this weeping world—
When righteousness and peace shall come to reign,
And Trees of Life, instead of Trees of Death,
Shall grow in groves and in our city streets.

“O churches of the living God, ‘Awake,
Put on the garments of salvation,’ and
With greater zeal attack this Tree of Rum
With this great Axe of Christianity;
For it must go before or supplement
The other methods of attack, ere we
Can fully overthrow the reign of Rum.
Through all your pulpits, ‘Cry aloud; spare not;
Lift up your voices and proclaim aloud’
The virtues of the Prohibition Cause,
Until the Constitution wins the fight,
And licensed rum is banished from our state.”

*When Sylvanus finished his address, which
won many votes for the Constitution, Ruth
sang an original solo that was loudly ap-
plauded, after which, she led the great
crowd in one of the regular campaign songs.*

“THE CALL OF PROHIBITION.”

“Awake, awake, O people great;
Consider Prohibition—
What it will do for our loved state,

THE GUIDING HAND.

If it has your permission;
'Twill make an earthly Paradise
For women and for children,
By driving out that awful vice,
That ruins by the million.

“Awake, awake, O men of worth;
Believe in Prohibition,
As it is of supernal birth,
And fraught with great fruition;
Accept it as an Heav’nly gift—
A precious prize to cherish—
And it will furnish help so swift,
That no more men shall perish.

“Arise, arise, O loyal men,
And talk up Prohibition;
Proclaim it with both voice and pen,
And work for this fruition;
Make all your neighborhoods resound
With gallant proclamations,
Which will the friends of Rum astound,
And cause them consternation.

“Arise, arise, O manhood strong,
And vote for Prohibition;
Declare you will not license wrong,
Nor give it recognition;

THE GUIDING HAND.

Resolve that you will win the fight—
Press forward in the battle—
And you will put saloons to flight,
And stop their foolish prattle.

“Blest Oklahoma! Infant state!
But yet a full-grown people;
Lift up thy head among the great,
And build the highest steeple—
A steeple that shall reach the sky,
And point the way to Heaven,
And show to ages passing by,
The work of Nineteen-Seven.”

SECTION XIII.

A Change of Occupation.

From that great meeting in the grove,
Where truth with mighty errors strove
And won a splendid victory,
Sylvanus, soon as he was free,
Went home with Ruth, with heart astir,
To have a solemn talk with her
About a matter in his heart,
Which seemed to throw itself athwart
His present pathway with such force,
That he would have to change his course.

THE GUIDING HAND.

The next day—Sunday afternoon—
The circumstances were in tune.
They both were seated side by side,
Where months before, in autumn-tide,
They pledged themselves to be as one,
And through this life together run
The race that was laid out for them,
And all its difficulties stem.
The little booth had been repaired,
And with the country round it shared
The clothing of the summer-time,
And with its beauty made a rhyme.
There they had often sat before,
And talked their school-work o'er and o'er,
While now and then they talked of love,
And of their blessings from above;
But now a crisis was at hand,
And matters had to be well-planned
To meet a new emergency
That would affect their destiny.
So after they had talked awhile,
Evoking now and then a smile,
Sylvanus, with a solemn tone,
Made his new purpose fully known.

Sylvanus:—

“My dearest, if you will allow,
There's something I will tell you now,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Which may, perchance, disturb your mind,
Unless to it you feel inclined.

While I most dearly love to teach,
Yet I am more inclined to preach
The gospel of the Son of God,
And wield the undershepherd's rod.

While still in school, I felt this way,
And since that time, from day to day,
The feeling has been taking root,
And striving to put forth its fruit;
And while it would, at times, crop out,
Though indirectly round about,
I tried my best to keep it hid,
And oftentimes I think I did.

A number of the best of saints
Have urged me to throw off restraints,
Acknowledge that I have been called
And show a mind to be installed
Sometime in this important work,
That I so long have tried to shirk."

Ruth's eyes with tears became suffused,
For which Sylvanus felt accused.
She laid her head upon her arm,
Which added much to his alarm,
And sobbed awhile before she spoke,
And that disturbing silence broke.
At length, she slowly raised her head,

THE GUIDING HAND.

While Walden looked with fear and dread,
And with her eyes still moist with tears,
Though unlike one who evil hears,
She looked him squarely in the face
With such a sweet complacent grace,
That all his fears at once took flight,
And he was filled with great delight.
As when the sun breaks through the cloud,
Where once the thunder spoke aloud,
And shines down through the gentle rain
That carries sunshine in its train,
So Ruth's delight, through face and eyes,
Shone down from out her mental skies,
And made her tears like tiny stars
Or like descending golden bars.

Assuming, now, her self-control,
She opened up her inmost soul
In such a way that Walden cried,
As she in touching strains, replied.

Ruth:—

“Sylvanus, dear, I am so glad,
I feel I never can be sad.
How can I, when so near me lies
A precious and a longed-for prize—
A calling that delights my heart—
And in which I shall have a part?”

THE GUIDING HAND.

I weep for joy and not for grief,
As it has long been my belief,
That you would sometime tell me this,
And add a million to my bliss.
I vowed to be a help to you,
In any work you chose to do.
My lot with yours is fully cast,
And to this vow I shall hold fast.
Within the store, or in the shop,
Or on the farm with growing crop,
Or in the school-room where we've been,
I would go forth with you to win.
As much as I delight to teach,
I much prefer that you should preach;
And with you in that happy sphere,
Which I with all my heart revere,
I shall delight to pass my days
In loving labor, song and praise."

Impulsively he kissed her cheek,
And then began again to speak.

Sylvanus:—

"My darling, you deserve a kiss—
Yea, millions o'er and o'er for this—
This sweet expression of your love,
Which breaks like sunlight from above
When clouds are parted right and left

THE GUIDING HAND.

To let the light pour through the cleft,
And radiate the country round,
And bless the dry and thirsty ground.
I vow, as long as we shall live,
I will these kisses freely give.
No marks of age nor of disease
Can ever my affection freeze.
When youth gives way to hoary age,
And she stands forth upon the stage
With snowy crown upon her head,
With eyes that may be dim or red,
With wrinkled face and trembling limbs
And broken voice to sing her hymns,
I will, with pleasure, hear her sing,
And to her loving kisses fling;
And then, when she completes a song,
Which never will to me seem long,
I will embrace her bended form,
And let her feel my heart beat warm.
I still will see behind her age
The pretty girl upon the stage,
And hear that youthful voice again
Which once entranced the ears of men;
For youth, I'm sure, will never die,
Nor lose the sparkle of her eye;
The roses from her blushing cheeks
Which her enamored lover seeks,
The glory of her lovely crown,

THE GUIDING HAND.

The straying ringlets hanging down,
The music of her charming voice
That makes the weary world rejoice,
The symmetry of her physique
Which so entranced the ancient Greek,
The lightness of her agile steps
And sturdy strength of her biceps.
Thus happy youth cannot be lost,
Nor killed by any winter frost.
It will with beauty always bloom,
And fill the ages with perfume.
Youth is the normal state of man
According to God's primal plan.
Disease, and age, and sallow skin,
Are brought upon us all by sin,
Together with all other ills
That flow in rivers or in rills.
They represent abnormal states,
And as such, as the Book relates,
Will disappear on that glad day
When Christ shall drive all death away,
And take us to His blest abode
Where nothing ever can corrode.
No signs of age will there be seen;
Its landscapes always will be green;
And there in glad, immortal youth,
We'll walk in ways of love and truth;
For this is what redemption means,

THE GUIDING HAND.

When at the last it contravenes
The evil forces of the world,
And one and all has strongly hurled
Into the lake of burning wrath,
From which returns no road or path.
Corruption, then, will pass away,
And there will be no more decay.
So when corruption all is gone,
We must our youthful vigor don.
Then happy youth by age enriched,
And by its ripened knowledge fitted—
With all its childhood joys revived,
And of its childish whims deprived—
Will in composite being meet,
And in this union be complete.
The good of childhood and of age
Will meet with youth upon the stage,
With all their evils left behind,
And all their goodness more refined.
The soul, itself, cannot grow old,
Nor ever feel the winter's cold;
But like the God who made it so,
Senility it shall not know,
If it has been redeemed from sin,
And by the new birth entered in
To that great Kingdom from on high,
Where none the second death shall die.
While in the body it may feel

THE GUIDING HAND.

The common woe and common weal;
But when it leaves this house of clay,
It will be young as endless day;
And then, when it returns to earth
For its glad resurrection birth,
The body, then, shall rise, foresooth,
And both shall have immortal youth."

Ruth:—

"The picture you so plainly drew
Revealed some things I never knew—
At least, I never understood
So well the future of the good.
If it is true, as it must be,
Oh, what a sweet felicity
Awaits us in our future state
Where all the good shall congregate!
Who can describe the lovely scene
That lies beyond our earthly screen!
No eye hath seen nor ear hath heard
What to the dead hath now appeared.
The grandest picture ever drawn
Can only show it in its dawn.
The fullness of the blessed day
Exceeds the artist's best display
As much as noonday doth outshine
The twilight in its eastern shrine.

THE GUIDING HAND.

“When you described me growing old,
I felt a bit of winter’s cold,
But your devotion to me then
Brought warmth to my heart again;
And then when I beheld my youth
Like one within a dried-up booth,
And saw that it was kept intact,
The contemplation of the fact,
Together with its glad return,
Caused all my soul within to burn
Like that blest bush that Moses saw
That filled him with such holy awe.
It burned and yet did not consume,
But only was with God abloom.
So was it with my happy soul,
When I beheld upon the scroll
That you with splendid skill unwound,
And then explained with words profound
The picture of immortal youth
All radiant with love and truth.
The holy fire consumed me not,
But only increased gladness brought.
The flowers of the choicest kind
Sprang up within my heart and mind.
The summer breezes fanned my cheeks,
And summer rains filled all my creeks,
While summer’s sun sublimely shone
With beauty hitherto unknown.

THE GUIDING HAND.

In fact, 'twas God within my heart
Who did this blessedness impart.
'Twas He who set my soul on fire,
And led its psychologic choir.
While you was first the instrument
Through which the holy fire was sent,
Yet God was Sun and Summer-show'rs
That quickened all my psychic pow'rs.
He always is so good to me
That I would ever like Him be.
I so delight in serving Him
That joy o'erflows expression's brim.
And now, the vision that I see,
Presents the opportunity
To give my time and all my life
To serve Him as a preacher's wife.
But while this thought delights me so,
There is another side, I know,
That gives me great solicitude—
To which I will in brief allude.
The great responsibility—
More deep and wide than any sea—
Depresses me to some extent,
And wakens in me some dissent;
But yet, in view of help divine
And that your light will round me shine,
I will with pleasure undertake
A true helpmate for you to make."

THE GUIDING HAND.

Sylvanus:—

“My precious jewel! You’re so good
That if you were not flesh and blood,
I’d think an angel had come down
In human form and human gown
With heaven’s gladness to dispense
In rivers of benevolence.
With such a helpmate as you’ll be,
I can the brightest visions see.
Your splendid virtues will eclipse
The faults of both my life and lips.
Nay more, they will my defects prune,
And keep me in the best of tune,
And help sustain my equipoise
When anything my mind annoys.
With such a wise and tactful wife
To cheer my heart and bless my life,
And one that’s so efficient, too,
In all the work I’m called to do,
My future path seems clear and bright,
And radiated with delight.

“But now, another matter stands
Before me with extended hands,
And beckons me to come its way,
And with it for awhile to stay.
It is a Seminary Course
That draws me now with mighty force;

THE GUIDING HAND.

And having counted up the cost
Before the Rubicon was crossed,
And having seen the die was cast,
And heard the solemn trumpet's blast,
Which bade me cross the fateful stream
To realize my fondest dream,
I then determined to cross o'er
And Theologic Realms explore.
So now I'm on the other side
Of that great Stream of Purpose, wide;
And yet another stream appears,
Of which I have no doubt or fears
That we will cross it in due time,
When circumstances all are prime.
The opportunity invites,
My precious Ruth with me unites;
And hence with faith and courage strong
We shall together move along,
And cross the great Financial Stream
With rapid strokes, and eyes agleam
With aspiration and with hope,
Which will with all its billows cope.

“My plan is this, if you'll agree
To what seems plainly best to me:
We are to teach another year;
And then I'm sure the way will clear
For us to wed thereafter soon—

THE GUIDING HAND.

Say, early in the coming June—
And then, when autumn rolls around,
Within Chicago we'll be found,
Where I the preacher's course will take
In that great city by the lake,
And you will reign as queen at home
Where I at noon and night will come,
And you will meet me at the door,
When, arm in arm, we'll walk the floor;
And as our hearts with gladness beat,
We'll talk awhile before we eat.

We're asked to teach our schools again,
And I would say at once, Amen—
So be it—let it be so now,
As they an increase will allow
Of that which we shall stand in need,
And which will help us to succeed.
What say you to this plan of mine?
Can you, my darling, make it thine?
Or would you modify the plan
And put some phases under ban?"

Ruth:—

"With all I heartily agree,
Excepting what you've planned for me
When you take up theology
In that great University.

THE GUIDING HAND.

It would be very nice, indeed,
If I did not some teaching need
To reign, as you suggest, at home
Within our little cottage dome;
For I could then, which is your due,
Make such a pleasant place for you
That when you came home bleak or tired,
You would with gladness be inspired,
And strengthened for your next day's toil
In digging deep in Scripture soil;
But we are young and in good health,
Which far exceeds all money-wealth,
And hence we can with patience wait
For such a time to celebrate.
The present is our time to work,
And I have no desire to shirk,
And will not pass my time away
In either idleness or play.
Our future work demands our best,
And I shall not with duty jest,
But shall with you myself prepare
To help you in the wear and tear
Of that intensely active life
That combats sin and worldly strife.
True life is not an idle tale,
That when once told becometh stale;
But it is like a living book,
Or like the never-failing brook,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Which from exhaustless fountain flows,
Or which is fed by mountain snows,
Enlarging as it flows along
And sings its everlasting song,
Till it becomes a river wide,
And seeks the mighty ocean tide.
A river like this would I be
So I could be a help to thee,
And then a blessing to mankind,
As rivers always are inclined;
Or, like the book that grows not old,
Whose worth exceeds the wealth of gold,
I would unceasing blessings give
To those with whom I'm called to live.

"There is a Training School, you know,
Near where we now intend to go—
A school where Christian girls are trained,
Who are to mission work constrained.
There I shall take a course, while you,
Your seminary course pursue.
My missionary training there
Will fit me for the yoke we'll wear
When we go forth into the field
Where Christian faith shall be our shield,
And truth the girdle of our loins,
As well as one of heaven's coins;
Where righteousness protects the breast,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And guards the treasures there possessed ;
Where helmets of salvation, too,
Will never let the arrows through ;
Where feet with gospel peace are shod
To walk the path our Savior trod,
And with the Spirit's sword in hand
To drive the evil from our land—
I know you will agree to this,
And give me this much more of bliss."

Sylvanus :—

"Yes, it shall be as you desire ;
And in this course we will not tire,
But shall press on without delay
Until the graduation day,
When we shall take a pastorate
In some good town or city great.
Then on together we will go
Throughout our journey here below,
And help to drive away the night,
And fill this world with gospel light.
Oh, what a blessed work is this,
And how it will increase our bliss,
As well as bless the human race,
And glorify the God of grace !

"I'm glad our plans at last are laid,
And future prospects partly weighed,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Which prophesy a future bright,
As far as goes our human sight;
But should grave Disappointment come
With well-armed soldiers, fife and drum,
And in a heartless manner slay
These prospects in an hour or day,
I'm sure that Love will take her stand
And bid defiance to the band,
And o'er their lifeless bodies tread
To other prospects yet ahead.

"As you have said, we still are young,
And with ambition highly strung.
I'm little less than twenty-four,
And you are one above a score.
Thus twenty-four and twenty-one,
Will both together nicely run;
And if our health continues thus,
There's nothing that can hinder us
From passing through the outside gate
When I am only twenty-eight,
And you are only twenty-five—
Our youthful vigor still alive.

"This summer we will help along,
Myself by speech and you by song,
The Constitutional Campaign,
That righteousness may win and reign;

THE GUIDING HAND.

And then when early fall arrives,
And summer with the autumn strives,
Our school-work we'll again resume,
And all our teaching-zeal exhume.
The time will quickly pass away,
And both our schools will close in May;
And then my heart with joy will leap,
When I can bring you home to keep.
Then through the summer we will rest,
And in the autumn, at our best,
Up to Chicago we will go
Where tides of people ebb and flow.
Meanwhile, this winter while we teach,
I will, at times, attempt to preach,
And you, I'm sure, at leisure times,
Will still compose your charming rhymes;
And we will both, as heretofore,
Be found at Duty's open door
Prepared to help in church or state
Among the lowly or the great—
The sick, as well as those in health—
The poor, as well as those of wealth.

“But now, as ev'ning shades draw near,
I must take leave of you, my dear;
But I will often come to you,
And our delightful talks renew.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

Ruth:—

“Farewell, Sylvanus, go in peace.
My prayers for you shall never cease;
My love for you shall not grow cold
Amidst my duties manifold,
But shall remain like lovely June,
Or like it is this afternoon.
All things shall be as you have said,
And early in next June we’ll wed.”

When they had each the other kissed,
This happy meeting was dismissed;
And as they left that sacred spot
With each a sweet forget-me-not,
The angels, then, began to sing,
Which caused a near, yet distant ring,
To echo through their happy souls,
And compass their magnetic poles.
They sang a joyful song of praise,
Which caused the zephyrs all to raise,
And carry it on wings afar
To human ears that were ajar.

“LET EV’RYTHING REJOICE.”

“Drop down ye heavens from above,
And skies pour down your righteousness;
For mercy, truth, and peace and love,
Have come this fallen world to bless!

THE GUIDING HAND.

O let the heavens gladly sing,
And let the earth with hope rejoice,
Because these servants of the King
Have made His work their special choice.

“Let all the trees now clap their hands,
And all the mountains shout for joy,
And let the song-birds in all lands
Their highest music-gifts employ;
Let little hillocks skip like lambs,
And rivers all their banks o’erflow,
And let the trade-winds bring their balms
From where the nard and spices grow.

“O church of God, rejoice to-day,
And sing your gladdest songs of praise,
And with your mighty orchestra
Set all the earth with joy ablaze;
For this decision and event
Will strengthen stakes and lengthen cords,
And help to stretch the gospel tent
O’er distant nations and their wards.

“Then sing, O heavens, and O earth,
Break forth in praises loud and long,
As thousands weak from moral dearth,
Ere long shall sing Redemption’s song;

THE GUIDING HAND.

Rejoice with us that these two youths,
Committed to our watchful care,
Shall help extend the gospel's truths
To needy regions ev'rywhere."

SECTION XIV.

The Wedding.

The Summer with her glowing smile,
Departed slowly for awhile,
With perfumed robes and fragrant mouth,
Far down into the sunny South;
But ere she went she left behind
Rich blessings of a varied kind.
The farewell gift she handed out,
Made Oklahomans gladly shout,
The Mother Country sing for joy
As she embraced her new-born boy,
Whose rosy cheeks and stalwart frame,
Predicted for him future fame.
She named him long before his birth,
And settled on his proper girth.
His name was Oklahoma State—
A name that from the first was great.
Thus Summer to that people brought
The blessing which they long had sought,
And left it as she said 'Farewell,'
To go down south awhile to dwell.

THE GUIDING HAND.

She gave them splendid victory
O'er Rum's destructive Upas Tree,
And, in their final voting act,
The sov'reignty they long had lacked.

Then Autumn, with his golden fruit,
And nicely fitting yellow suit,
Stepped out of his abiding-place,
And took the North in his embrace,
Filled all her barns with ripened grain,
And then with joy went home again.

Next, Winter came with snow and rain,
And much fine weather in his train,
And spread his blessings o'er the land
With open and with lavish hand—
Together with some want and grief
For charity to find relief—
And then, with praises and some blame,
Returned again from whence he came.

A Maid then came from warmer climes
With music and enchanting chimes,
And waked the cold and sleeping earth,
And called it to a vernal birth.
Thus lovely Spring, with rosy crown,
And green and white and reddish gown,
With wreaths of flowers wrapped around,

THE GUIDING HAND.

Stepped out upon the barren ground
From her ambrosial palace hall
Where Winter never comes at all,
And spread her mantle o'er the earth,
And with her rains drowned all its dearth,
And made it look like Paradise
Before the birth of human vice.
She seemed to take some special pains
With her already gorgeous trains,
To make the coming month of June
From ev'ry single ill immune,
And clothe her in her best array
For this important wedding day;
For she delights to do her best
In North or South or East or West
For those who seize time opportune
To wed in either May or June.

* * * * *

While seasons thus were passing by,
And with each other seemed to vie,
Sylvanus and Ruth Caldwell were
With school and church-work all astir.
As they had worked the past year through,
So they continued still to do.
Their fame went out through all the land,
And they were always in demand
In ev'rything that would sustain
Their country in its rapid gain.

THE GUIDING HAND.

Sylvanus often ably preached,
And many wayward people reached,
And turned them in the better way,
From which he urged them not to stray.
The Christian people all felt proud,
And sounded forth his praises loud.

At length their busy school-year closed
With all the duties it imposed,
And each Commencement Day was grand,
As it had been so wisely planned,
Not only by themselves, alone,
By contact or by telephone;
But pupils, patrons—all joined in,
Determined that they both should win
The praises that were well their due
For faithful work the two years through:
And since they knew their plans full well,
And could their future greatness tell,
They did their best to honor them,
And crown them with Love's diadem.
And then, at last, with tenderness,
Each gave a last farewell address,
Which brought the tears to many eyes,
And called forth many warm replies.

* * * * *

The wedding day soon rolled around,
And there was heard the joyful sound

THE GUIDING HAND.

Of happy voices in the trees,
And happy voices in the breeze,
And fast approaching buggy wheels
Almost upon the horses heels,
And automobiles breathing loud,
Which added prestige to the crowd.
Thus came their friends from far and near
With anxious ears attuned to hear
The verdict of the suit at court,
Which Hymen was to soon report.

The happy couple, now inside—
Sylvanus and his coming bride—
Were ready for the welcome hour
To hear the voice of legal pow'r
Approve what Heaven had decreed,
And they themselves had long agreed.
As soon as all their friends were in,
The happy verdict did begin,
Which all agreed was just and right,
That this young couple should unite
As husband true and faithful wife
Throughout their earthly term of life.
The verdict, being now complete,
And with the best advice replete,
The pastor offered up a prayer
For their success and their welfare,
Which stirred most deeply ev'ry heart,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And caused the tears to rise and start
From eyes that laughed a while before,
But now were looking tow'rd the floor.
When he was through, the heart amens
From parents, relatives and friends,
Were, some of them, expressed aloud
With heads most reverently bowed.
The bride and groom with modest grace,
Sat down at the appointed place
Beneath an arch of flowers gay,
And looked as happy as the day.
Congratulations were profuse,
With presents for their future use;
And all were happy as the spring,
And made the cozy farm-house ring
With instrumental music rare,
And vocal music to compare.
The Guard'an Angels were on hand
To carry out what they had planned,
And with ecstatic voices sang,
Which to the arch of heaven rang:—

“Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
Praise Him for His Holy Word —
For its great Redemption Story,
Which points out man's way to glory;
Praise Him for His Guiding Hand
Which hath all our movements planned,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And hath given us the pleasure
These two lives awhile to treasure.

“Hallelujah! God is good!
By His word He’s ever stood;
He has guarded them from dangers
While among both friends and strangers;
Praise Him that we’ve had some share
In this loving, watchful care,
And in giving them direction
How to walk with circumspection.

“Hallelujah! Oh, the joy
That we’ve had in God’s employ!
And in this, our present station,
We can sing with jubilation;
For these valiant friends of truth
Are among the choicest youth,
Whom to us the Lord hath given
To direct from earth to heaven.

“Hallelujah! God be praised
That our boy and girl are raised,
And are now for life united,
And with Christian work delighted;
Onward, still, they both shall press
Through a life of usefulness,

THE GUIDING HAND.

And in all their blest endeavor,
We will guide them still, as ever.

“And when they have run their race,
We will lead them to the place
Prepared for them by their dear Savior,
To reward their good behavior;
Then again we'll come to earth,
Take two others from their birth,
And, with glad anticipation,
Lead them on through life's probation.”

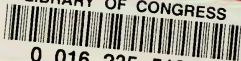
THE GUIDING HAND.

EPILOGUE.

Dear reader, I am loth with you,
To bid these noble youths adieu;
But since the Muses bid me close,
I now shall do as they propose;
And if they come again sometime,
I will again resume my rhyme,
And from those lives that grow not dull,
I will attempt once more to cull
Some flowers of the choicest kind,
Which will delight your heart and mind;
But if my life shall be too short
To any further news report;
Or if the Muses come no more,
Or you should give me no encore,
You can, yourself, their future guess,
And feel assured of their success.

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